

Puppets at Large

BY

F. ANSTEY

ILLUSTRATED

BY

J. B. PARTRIDGE.





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Puppets at Large

Scenes and Subjects

From Mr. Punch's Show.

GUTHRIE, THOMAS ANSTEY

By (F. Anstey, pseud.)

Author of "Vice Versa," "Voces Populi," &c., &c.

With Illustrations by

J. Bernard Partridge

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Doing a Cathedral	I
The Instantaneous Process	13
In the Cause of Charity	27
The Classical Scholar in Reduced Circum- stances	43
Rus in Urbe	51
Catching the Early Boat	61
Society's Next Craze	71
An Ideal Interviewer	83
Saturday Night in the Edgware Road . . .	91
The "Model Husband" Contest	101
The Courier of the Hague	109
Feeling their Way	119
A Testimonial Manqué	131

Contents.

	PAGE
The Model Democracy	145
By Parliamentary	159
The Farming of the Future	167
A Dialogue on Art	177
The Old Love and the New	189
A Doll's Diary	201
Elevating the Masses	219
Bookmakers on the Beach	231
'Igher Up!	243
At a Highland Cattle Auction	257
The Country of Cockaigne	265

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
"What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?"	11
"What's she got hold of <i>now?</i> "	21
"You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament"	37
"They ain't on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was reciters, or somethink o' that"	55
"Mokestrians"	75
"Dear, dear! <i>not</i> a county family!"	125
"Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that"	135
"None of your humour here, mind!"	155
"I can't get nothen done to 'en till the weather's a bit more hopen like"	171
"They haven't the <i>patiensh</i> for it"	183
"It must be a sort of animal, I suppose"	193
"I see <i>him</i> standing on the very brink of the precipice"	209
"To-night is ours!"	225
"Why the blazes don't ye take it?"	239
"Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!"	251
"'Ere, Florrie, you ain't <i>croying</i> , are yer?"	271

DOING A CATHEDRAL.



DOING A CATHEDRAL.

(A SKETCH FROM THE PROVINCES.)

The interior of Dulchester Cathedral. TIME—About 12.30. The March sunshine slants in pale shafts through the clerestory windows, leaving the aisles in shadow. From without, the cawing of rooks and shouts of children at play are faintly audible. By the West Door, a party of Intending Sightseers have collected, and the several groups, feeling that it would be a waste of time to observe anything in the building until officially instructed to do so, are engaged in eyeing one another with all the genial antipathy and suspicion of true-born Britons.

A STODGY SIGHTSEER (to his friend). Dis-
graceful, keeping us standing about like this!

If I'd only known, I'd have told the head-waiter at the "Mitre" to keep back those chops till——

[He breaks off abruptly, finding that the chops are reverberating from column to column with disproportionate solemnity; a white-haired and apple-faced verger rustles down from the choir

and beckons the party forward benignantly, whereupon they advance with a secret satisfaction at the prospect of "getting the cathedral 'done' and having the rest of the day to themselves;" they are conducted to a desk and requested, as a preliminary, to put sixpence apiece in the Restoration Fund box and inscribe their names in a book.

Confused Murmurs. Would you put "Portico Lodge, Camden Road, or only London?" . . . Here, I'd better sign for the lot of you, eh? . . . They *might* provide a better pen—in a *cathedral*, I *do* think! . . . He might have given all our names in full instead of just "And party!" . . . Oh, I've been and made a blot—will it *matter*, should you think? . . . I never *can* write my name with people looking on, can you? . . . I'm sure you've done it beautifully, dear! . . . Just hold my umbrella while I take off my glove, Maria. . . . Oh, why *don't* they make haste? &c., &c.

[The STODGY SIGHTSEER fumes, feeling that, while they are fiddling, his chops are burning.

The VERGER. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will please to follow me, the portion of the building where we now are is part of the original hedifice

founded by Ealfrytha, wife of Earl Baldric, in the year height 'undred heighty-height, though we 'ave reason to believe that an even hearlier church was in existence 'ere so far back as the Roman occupation, as is proved by a hancient stone receptacle recently discovered under the crypt and hevidently used for baptismal purposes.

A SPECTACLED S. (*who feels it due to herself to put an intelligent question at intervals.*) What was the method of baptism among the Early Christians?

The VERGER. We believe it to 'ave been by total immersion, Ma'am.

The SPECT. S. Oh? *Baptists!*

[*She sets down the Early Christians as Dissenters, and takes no further interest in them.*]

The VERGER. At the back of the choir, and immediately in front of you, is the shrine, formerly containing the bones of St. Chasuble, with relics of St. Alb. (*An EVANGELICAL SIGHTSEER snorts in disapproval.*) The 'ollow depressions in the steps leading up to the shrine, which are still visible, were worn away, as you see, by the pilgrims ascending on their knees. (*The party verify the depressions conscientiously, and click their tongues to express indulgent contempt.*) The spaces between the harches of the shrine were originally enriched by valuable gems and mosaics,

all of which 'ave now long since disappeared, 'aving been removed by the more devout parties who came 'ere on pilgrimages. In the chapel to your left a monument with recumbent heffigies of Bishop Buttress and Dean Gurgoyle, represented laying side by side with clasped 'ands, in token of the lifelong affection between them. The late Bishop used to make a rather facetious remark about this tomb. He was in the 'abit of observing that it was the honly instance in *his* experience of a Bishop being on friendly terms with his Dean. (*He glances round for appreciation of this instance of episcopal humour, but is pained to find that it has produced a general gloom; the* EVANGELICAL SIGHTSEER, *indeed, conveys by another and a louder snort, his sense that a Bishop ought to set a better example.*) In the harched recess to your right, a monument in painted halibarster to Sir Ralph Ringdove and his lady, erected immediately after her decease by the disconsolate widower, with a touching inscription in Latin, stating that their ashes would shortly be commingled in the tomb. (*He pauses, to allow the ladies of the party to express a becoming sympathy—which they do, by clicks.*) Sir Ralph himself, however, is interred in Ficklebury Parish Church, forty mile from this spot, along with his third wife, who survived him.

[*The ladies regard the image of Sir Ralph with*

indignation, and pass on ; the VERGER chuckles faintly at having produced his effect.

The EVANGELICAL S. (*snuffing the air suspiciously*). I'm sorry to perceive that you are in the habit of burning *incense* here !

[*He looks sternly at the VERGER, as though to imply that it is useless to impose upon him.*

The VERGER. No, Sir, what you smell ain't incense—on'y the vaults after the damp weather we've bin 'aving.

[*The EVANGELICAL SIGHTSEER drops behind, divided between relief and disappointment.*

A PLASTIC S. (*to the VERGER*). What a perfectly *exquisite* rose-window that is ! For all the world like a kaleidoscope. I suppose it dates from the Norman period, at *least* ?

The VERGER (*coldly*). No, Ma'am, it was only put up about thirty year ago. We consider it the poorest glass we 'ave.

The PLAST. S. Oh, the glass, yes ; *that's* hideous, certainly. I meant the—the other part.

The VERGER. The tracery, Ma'am ? That was restored at the same time by a local man—and a shocking job he made of it, too !

The PLAST. S. Yes, it *quite* spoils the Cathedral, *doesn't* it ? Couldn't it be taken down ?

THE VERGER (*in answer to another Inquirer*). Crowborough Cathedral finer than this, Sir? Oh, *dear* me, no. I went over a-purpose to 'ave a look at it the last 'oliday I took, and I was quite surprised to find 'ow very inferior it was. The spire? I don't say that mayn't be 'igher as a mere matter of feet, but our lantern-tower is so 'appily proportioned as to give the effect of being by far the 'ighest in existence.

A TRAVELLED S. Ah, you should see the *continental* cathedrals. Why, *our* towers would hardly come up to the top of the naves of some of them!

THE VERGER (*loftily*). I don't take no notice of foreign cathedrals, Ma'am. If foreigners like to build so ostentatious, all I can say is, I'm sorry *for* them.

A LADY (*who has provided herself with a "Manual of Architecture" and an unsympathetic COMPANION*). Do notice the excessive use of the ball-flower as a decoration, dear. Parker says it is especially characteristic of this cathedral.

UNSYMPATHETIC COMPANION. I don't see *any* flowers myself. And if they like to decorate for festivals and that, where's the harm?

[*The LADY WITH THE MANUAL perceives that it is hopeless to explain.*]

THE VERGER. The dog-tooth mouldings round the

triforium harches is considered to belong to the best period of Norman work——

THE LADY WITH THE MANUAL. Surely not Norman? Dog-tooth is Saxon, *I* always understood.

THE VERGER (*indulgently*). You'll excuse *me*, Ma'am, but I fancy it's 'erringbone as is running in *your* 'ed.

THE LADY WITH THE M. (*after consulting "Parker" for corroboration, in vain*). Well, I'm sure dog-tooth is quite *Early English*, anyway. (*To her COMPANION.*) Did you know it was the interlacing of the round arches that gave the first idea of the pointed arch, dear?

HER COMP. No. But I shouldn't have thought there was so very much in the *idea*.

THE LADY WITH THE M. I do *wish* you took more *interest*, dear. Look at those two young men who have just come in. They don't *look* as if they'd care for carving; but they've been studying every one of the Miserere seats in the choir-stalls. That's what *I* like to see!

THE VERGER. That concludes my dooties, ladies and gentlemen. You can go out by the South Transept door, and that'll take you through the Cloisters. (*The Party go out, with the exception of the two 'ARRIES, who linger, expectantly, and cough in*

Puppets at Large.

embarrassment.) Was there anything you wished to know?

FIRST 'ARRY. Well, Mister, it's on'y—er—'aven't you got some old carving or other 'ere of a rather—well, *funny* kind—sorter thing you on'y show to *gentlemen*, if you know what I mean?

The VERGER (*austerely*). There's nothing in *this* Cathedral for gentlemen o' *your* sort, and I'm surprised at your expecting of it.

[*He turns on his heel.*]

FIRST 'ARRY (*to Second*). I spoke civil enough to 'im, didn't I? What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?

SECOND 'ARRY. Oh, *I* dunno. But you don't ketch *me* comin' over to no more cathedrils, and wastin' time and money all for nuthink—that's all.

[*They tramp out, feeling that their confidence has been imposed upon.*]



“What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?”

THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.



THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS;

OR, FLUFF SITS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

A Photographer's Studio on the Seventh Floor. It is a warm afternoon. MR. STIPPLER, Photographic Artist, is discovered alone.

MR. STIPPLER (*to himself*). No appointments while this weather lasts, thank goodness!

I shall be able to get ahead with those negatives now. (*Sharp whistle from speaking-tube, to which he goes.*) Well?

VOICE OF LADY ASSISTANT (*in shop below*). Lady just brought her dog in; wants to know if she can have it taken now.

MR. STIP. (*to himself*). Oh, dash the dog and the lady too!

The VOICE. No, only the *dog*, the lady says.

MR. STIP. (*confused*). Eh? Oh, exactly. Ask the lady to have the goodness to—ah—step up. (*He opens the studio door, and awaits the arrival of his client; interval, at the end of which sounds as of a female in*

distress about halfway down are distinctly audible.) She's stepping up. *(Another interval. The head of a breathless ELDERLY LADY emerges from the gloom.)* This way, Madam.

ELDERLY LADY *(entering and sinking into the first plush chair)*. Oh, dear me, I thought I should *never* get to the top! Now *why* can't you photographers have your studios on the ground floor? So *much* more convenient!

MR. STIP. No doubt, Madam, no doubt. But there is—ah—a prejudice in the profession in favah of the roof; possibly the light is considered somewhat superiah. I thought I understood there was—ah—a dog?

The E. L. Oh, he'll be here presently. I think he saw something in one of the rooms on the way up that took his fancy, or very likely he's resting on one of the landing mats,—such an *intelligent* dog! I'll call him. Fluffy, Fluffy, come along, my pet, nearly up now! Mustn't keep his missis waiting for him. *(A very long pause: presently a small rough-haired terrier lounges into the studio with an air of proprietorship.)* That's the dog; he's so small, he can't take *very* long to do, *can* he?

MR. STIP. The—ah—precise size of the animal

does not signify, Madam ; we do it by an instantaneous process. The only question is the precise pose you would prefer. I presume the dog is a good—ah—rattah ?

The E. L. Really, I've no idea. But he's *very* clever at killing bluebottles ; he *will* smash them on the window-panes.

MR. STIP. (*without interest*). I see, Madam. We have a speciality for our combination backgrounds, and you might like to have him represented on a country common, in the act of watching a hole in a bank.

The E. L. (*impressed*). For bluebottles ?

MR. STIP. For—ah—rats. (*By way of concession.*) Or bluebottles, of course, if you prefer it.

The E. L. I think I would rather have something more characteristic. He has such a pretty way of lying on his back with all his paws sticking straight up in the air. I never saw any *other* dog do it.

MR. STIP. Precisely. But I doubt whether that particulah pose would be effective—in a photograph.

The E. L. You think not ? Where *has* he got to, now ? Oh, *do* just look at him going round, examining everything ! He *quite* understands what he's wanted to do ; you've no idea what a clever dog he is !

MR. STIP. Ray-ally? How would it do to have him on a rock in the middle of a salmon stream?

The E. L. It would make me so uncomfortable to see it; he has a perfect *horror* of wetting his little feet!

MR. STIP. In *that* case, no doubt—— Then what do you say to posing him on an ornamental pedestal? We could introduce a Yorkshire moor, or a view of Canterbury Cathedral, as a background.

The E. L. A pedestal seems *so* suggestive of a cemetery, doesn't it?

MR. STIP. Then we must try some other position. (*He resigns himself to the commonplace.*) Can the dog—ah—sit up?

The E. L. Bee-yutifully! Fluffy, come and show how nicely you can sit up!

FLUFF (*to himself*). Show off for this fellow? Who pretends he's got rats—and hasn't! Not if I know it!

[*He rolls over on his back with a well-assumed air of idiocy.*]

The E. L. (*delighted*). There, *that's* the attitude I told you of. But perhaps it *would* come out rather too leggy?

MR. STIP. It is—ah—open to that objection, certainly, Madam. Perhaps we had better take him

on a chair sitting up. (FLUFF is, with infinite trouble, prevailed upon to mount an arm-chair, from which he growls savagely whenever MR. STIPPLER approaches.) You will probably be more successful with him than I, Madam.

The E. L. I could make him sit up in a *moment*, if I had any of his biscuits with me. But I forgot to bring them.

MR. STIP. There is a confectionah next door. We could send out a lad for some biscuits. About how much would you requiah—a quartah of a pound? [He goes to the speaking tube.

The E. L. He won't eat *all* those; he's a *most* abstemious dog. But they must be *sweet*, tell them. (Delay. Arrival of the biscuits. The ELDERLY LADY holds one up, and FLUFF leaps, barking frantically, until he succeeds in snatching it; a manœuvre which he repeats with each successive biscuit.) Do you know, I'm afraid he really *mustn't* have any more—biscuits always *excite* him so. Suppose you take him lying on the chair, much as he is now? (MR. STIPPLER attempts to place the dog's paws, and is snapped at.) Oh, *do* be careful!

MR. STIP. (*heroically*). Oh, it's of no consequence, Madam. I am—ah—*accustomed* to it.

The E. L. Oh, yes; but *he* isn't, you know;

so please be *very* gentle with him ! And could you get him a little water first ? I'm sure he's thirsty. (MR. STIPPLER *brings water in a developing dish, which FLUFF empties promptly.*) Now he'll be as good—— !

MR. STIP. (*after wiping FLUFF's chin and arranging his legs*). If we can only keep him like that for one second.

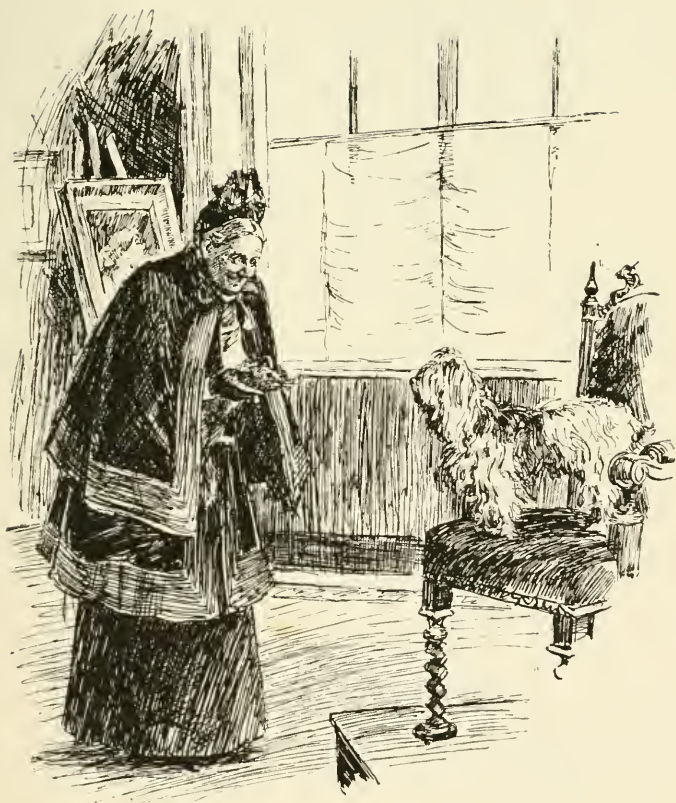
The E. L. But he ought to have his ears pricked. (MR. STIPPLER *makes weird noises behind the camera, resembling demon cats in torture ; FLUFF regards him with calm contempt.*) Oh, and his hair is all in his eyes, and they're his best feature !

[MR. STIPPLER *attempts to part FLUFF's fringe ; snarls.*

MR. STIP. I have not discovered his eyes at present, Madam ; but he appears to have excellent—ah—*teeth*.

The E. L. Hasn't he ! Now, couldn't you catch him like *that* ?

MR. STIP. (*to himself*). He's more likely to catch *me* like that ! (*Aloud, as he retreats under a hanging canopy.*) I think we shall get a good one of him as he is. (*Focussing.*) Yes, that will do very nicely. (*He puts in the plate, and prepares to release the shutter, whereupon FLUFF deliberately rises and presents his tail*



“What’s she got hold of *now*.”

to the camera.) I presume you do not desiah a *back* view of the dog, Madam !

The E. L. Certainly not ! Oh, Fluffy, naughty—naughty ! Now lie down again, like a good dog. Oh, I'm afraid he's going to sleep !

MR. STIP. If you would kindly take this—ah—toy in your hand, Madam, it might rouse him a little.

The E. L. (*exhibiting a gutta-percha rat*). Here, Fluffy, Fluffy, *here's* a pitty sing ! What is it, eh !

FLUFF (*after opening one eye*). The old fool fancies she's got a rat ! Well, she may *keep* it !

[*He curls himself up again.*

MR. STIP. We must try to obtain more—ah—animation than that.

[*He hands the ELDERLY LADY a jingling toy.*

The E. L. (*shaking it vigorously*). Fluffy, see what Missis has got !

FLUFF (*by a yawn of much eloquence*). At her age, too ! Wonderful how she can *do* it !

[*He closes his eyes wearily.*

MR. STIP. Perhaps you may produce a better effect with this. [*He hands her a stuffed stoat.*

FLUFF (*to himself*). What's she got hold of *now* ? Hul-lo ! (*He rises, and inspects the stoat with interest.*) I'd no idea the old girl was so "varmint" !

MR. STIP. Capital ! Now, if he'll stay like that

another—— (FLUFF jumps down, and wags his tail with conscious merit.) Oh, dear me. I never saw such a dog !

The E. L. He's tired out, poor doggie, and no wonder. But he'll be all the *quieter* for it, *won't* he ? (After restoring FLUFF to the chair.) Now, couldn't you take him panting, like that ?

MR. STIP. I must wait till he's got a little less tongue out, Madam.

The E. L. Must you ? Why ? *I* should have thought it was a capital opportunity.

MR. STIP. For a physician, Madam, *not* a photographer. If I were to take him now the result would be an—ah—enormous tongue, with a dog in the remote distance.

The E. L. And he's putting out more and more of it ! Perhaps he's thirsty again. Here, Fluffy, water—water ! [She produces the developing dish.

FLUFF (*in barks of unmistakable significance*). Look here, I've had about enough of this tomfoolery. Let's go. *Come on !*

MR. STIP. (*seconding the motion with relief*). I'm afraid we're not likely to do better with him to-day. Perhaps if you could look in some othah afternoon ?

The E. L. Why, we've only been an hour and

twenty minutes as yet ! But what would be the best time to bring him ?

MR. STIP. I should say the light and the temperature would probably be more favourable by the week after next—(*to himself*) when I shall be taking my holiday !

The E. L. Very well, I'll come then. Oh, Fluffy, Fluffy, what a silly little dog you are to give all this trouble !

FLUFF (*to himself, as he makes a triumphant exit*). Not half so silly as some people think ! I *must* tell the cat about this ; she'll go into fits ! I will say she has a considerable sense of humour—for a cat.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.



IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

Mona House, the Town Mansion of the Marquis of Manx, which has been lent for a Sale of Work in aid of the "Fund for Superannuated Skirt-dancers," under the patronage of Royalty and other distinguished personages.

In the Entrance Hall.

MRS. WYLIE DEDHEAD (*attempting to insinuate herself between the barriers*). Excuse me ; I only wanted to pop in for a moment, just to see if a lady friend of mine is in there, that's *all* !

THE LADY MONEY-TAKER (*blandly*). If you will let me know your friend's name—?

MRS. W. D. (*splendide mendax*). She's assisting the dear Duchess. Now, perhaps, you will allow me to pass !

THE L. M. Afraid I can't, really. But if you mean Lady Honor Hyndlegges—*she* is the only lady at the Duchess's stall—I could send *in* for her. Or of course, if you like to pay half-a-crown——

MRS. W. D. (*hastily*). Thank you, I—I won't disturb her ladyship. I had no *idea* there was any charge for admission, and—(*bristling*)—allow me to say I consider such regulations *most* absurd.

The L. M. (*sweetly, with a half glance at the bowl of coins on the table*). Quite *too* ridiculous, ain't they? Good afternoon!

MRS. W. D. (*audibly, as she flounces out*). If they suppose I'm going to pay half-a-crown for the privilege of being *fleeced*——!

FOOTMAN (*on steps, sotto voce, to confrère*). "Fleeced"! that's a good 'un, eh? She ain't brought much wool in with her!

HIS CONFRÈRE. On'y what's stuffed inside of her ear. [*They resume their former impassive dignity.*]

In the Venetian Gallery—where the Bazaar is being held.

A LOYAL OLD LADY (*at the top of her voice—to STALL-KEEPER*). Which of 'em's the Princess, my dear, eh? It's her I paid *my* money to see.

The STALL-KEEPER (*in a dismayed whisper*). Ssh! Not *quite* so loud! There—just opposite—petunia bow in her bonnet—selling kittens.

The L. O. L. (*planting herself on a chair*). So *that's* her! Well, she is dressed plain—for a Royalty—but looks *pleasant* enough. I wouldn't mind taking one

o' them kittens off her Royal 'Ighness myself, if they was going at all reasonable. But there, I expect, the cats 'ere is meat for my masters, so to speak; and you see, my dear, 'aving the promise of a tortoise-shell Tom from the lady as keeps the Dairy next door, whenever——

[*She finds, with surprise, that her confidences are not encouraged.*]

MISS ST. LEGER DE MAYNE (*persuasively to MRS. NIBBLER*). Do let me show you some of this exquisite work, all embroidered entirely by hand, you see!

MRS. NIBBLER (*edging away*). Lovely—quite lovely; but I think—a—I'll just take a look round before I——

MISS DE M. If there is any *particular* thing you were looking for, perhaps *I* could——

MRS. N. (*becoming confidential*). Well, I *did* think if I could come across a nice *sideboard-cloth*——

MISS DE M. (*to herself*). What on earth's a sideboard-cloth? (*Aloud.*) Why, I've the very *thing*! See—all worked in Russian stitch!

MRS. N. (*dubiously*). I thought they were always quite plain. And what's that queer sort of flap-thing for?

MISS DE M. Oh, *that*? That's—a—to cover up the

spoons, and forks, and things; quite the latest fashion, *now*, you know.

MRS. N. (*with self-assertion*). I *have* noticed it at several dinner parties I've been to in society lately, certainly. Still I am not sure that——

MISS DE M. I always have them on my *own* side-board now—my husband won't *hear* of any others. . . . Then, I *may* put this one in paper for you? fifteen-and-sixpence — thanks so much! (*To her colleague, as Mrs. N. departs*). Connie, I've got rid of that awful nightgown case at *last*!

MRS. MAYCUP. A—you *don't* happen to have a small bag to hold a powder-puff, and so on, you know?

MISS DE M. I *had* some very pretty ones; but I'm afraid they're all—oh, no, there's just *one* left—crimson velvet and real *passementerie*. (*She produces a bag*). Too trotty for words, isn't it?

MRS. MAYCUP (*tacitly admitting its trotteness*). But then—that sort of purse shape—— Could I get a small pair of folding curling-irons into it, should you think, at a pinch?

MISS DE M. You could get *anything* into it—at a pinch. I've one myself which will hold—well, I can't tell you what it *won't* hold! Half-a-guinea—so many thanks! (*To herself, as MRS. MAYCUP carries off her*

bag.) What *would* the vicar's wife say if she knew I'd sold her church collection bag for *that* ! But it's all in a good cause ! (*An ELDERLY LADY comes up.*) May I show you some of these—— ?

THE ELDERLY LADY. Well, I was wondering if you had such a thing as a good warm pair of sleeping socks : because, these bitter nights, I do find I suffer so from cold in my feet.

MISS DE M. (*with effusion*). Ah, then I can *feel* for you—so do *I* ! At least, I *used* to before I tried—(*To herself.*) Where *is* that pair of thick woollen driving-gloves ? Ah, *I* know. (*Aloud.*)—these. I've found them *such* a comfort !

THE E. L. (*suspiciously*). They have rather a queer—— And then they are divided at the ends, too.

MISS DE M. Oh, haven't you seen *those* before ? Doctors consider them so much healthier, don't you know.

THE E. L. I daresay they are, my dear. But aren't the—(*with delicate embarrassment*)—the separated parts rather long ?

MISS DE M. Do you *think* so ? They allow so much more freedom, you see ; and then, of course, they'll shrink.

THE E. L. That's true, my dear. Well, I'll take a pair, as you recommend them so strongly.

MISS DE M. I'm quite sure you'll never regret it! (*To herself, as the E. L. retires, charmed.*) I'd give *anything* to see the poor old thing trying to put them on!

MISS MIMOSA TENDRILL (*to herself*). I do so hate hawking this horrid old thing about! (*Forlornly, to MRS. ALLBUTT-INNETT.*) I—I beg your pardon; but *will* you give me ten-and-sixpence for this lovely work-basket?

MRS. ALLBUTT-INNETT. My good girl, let me tell you I've been pestered to buy that identical basket at every bazaar I've set foot in for the last twelve-month, and how you can have the face to ask ten-and-six for it—you must think I've more money than wit!

MISS TENDR. (*abashed*). Well—*eighteenpence* then? (*To herself, as Mrs. A.-I. closes promptly.*) There, I've sold *something*, anyhow!

THE HON. DIANA D'AUTENBAS (*to herself*). It's rather fun selling at a Bazaar; one can let oneself go so much more! (*To the first man she meets.*) I'm sure you'll buy one of my buttonholes—now *won't* you? If I fasten it in for you myself?

MR. CADNEY ROWSER. A button'ole, eh? Think I'm not classy enough as I am?

MISS D'AUT. I don't think *anyone* could accuse

you of not being "*classy*;" still a flower would just give the finishing-touch.

MR. C. R. (*modestly*). Rats!—if you'll pass the reedom. But you've such a way with you that—there—'ow much.

MISS D'AUT. Only five shillings. Nothing to *you*!

MR. C. R. Five bob? You're a artful girl, *you* are! *Fang de Scakale*," and no error! But I'm *on* it; it's worth the money to 'ave a flower fastened in by such fair 'ands. I won't 'owl—not even if you *do* run a pin into me. . . . What? You ain't done a'ready! No 'urry, yer know. . . . 'Ere, won't you come along to the refreshment-stall, and 'ave a little something at my expense. Do!

MISS D'AUT. I think you must imagine you are talking to a barmaid!

MR. C. R. (*with gallantry*). I on'y wish barmaids was 'alf as pleasant and sociable as *you*, Miss. But they're a precious stuck-up lot, *I* can assure you!

MISS D'AUT. (*to herself as she escapes*). I suppose one ought to put up with this sort of thing—for a charity!

MRS. BABBICOMBE (*at the Toy Stall, to the Belle of the Bazaar, aged three-and-a-half*). You *perfect* duck! You're simply too *sweet*! I *must* find you something. (*She tempers generosity with discretion by presenting*

her with a small pair of knitted doll's socks.) There, darling!

THE BELLE'S MOTHER. What do you say to the kind lady *now*, Marjory?

MARJORY (*a practical young person, to the donor*). Now div me a dolly to put *ve* socks on.

[*MRS. B. finds herself obliged to repair this omission.*

A YOUNG LADY RAFFLER (*to a YOUNG MAN*). Do take a ticket for this charmin' *sachet*. Only half-a-crown!

THE YOUNG MAN. Delighted! If you'll put in for this *splendid* cigar cabinet. Two shillin's!

[*The YOUNG LADY realises that she has encountered an Augur, and passes on.*

MISS DE M. (*to MR. ISTHMIAN GATWICK*). Can't I tempt you with this tea-cosy? It's so absurdly cheap!

MR. ISTHMIAN GATWICK (*with dignity*). A-thanks; I think not. Never *take* tea, don't you know.

MISS DE M. (*with her characteristic adaptability*). Really? No more do *I*. But you *could* use it as a *smoking-cap*, you know. *I* always——

[*Recollects herself, and breaks off in confusion.*

MISS OPHELIA PALMER (*in the "Wizard's Cave"—to MR. CADNEY ROWSER*). Yes, your hand indicates an intensely refined and spiritual nature; you are



"You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament."

perhaps a *little* too indifferent to your personal comfort where that of others is concerned ; sensitive—too much so for your own happiness, perhaps—you feel things keenly when you *do* feel them. You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament—seven-and-sixpence, please.

MR. C. R. (*impressed*). Well, Miss, if you can read all that for seven-and-six on the palm of my 'and, I wonder what you *wouldn't* see for 'alf a quid on the sole o' my boot !

[MISS P.'s *belief in Chiromancy sustains a severe shock.*

BOBBIE PATTERSON (*outside tent, as Showman*). This way to the Marvellous Jumping Bean from Mexico ! Threepence !

VOICE FROM TENT. Bobbie ! Stop ! The Bean's *lost* ! Lady Honor's horrid Thought-reading Poodle has just stepped in and swallowed it.

BOBBIE. Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to sudden domestic calamity, the Bean has been unavoidably compelled to retire, and will be unable to appear till further notice.

MISS SMYLIE (*to MR. OTIS BARLEYWATER, who—in his own set—is considered "almost equal to Corney Grain"*). I thought you were giving your entertainment in the library ? Why *aren't* you ?

MR. OTIS BARLEYWATER (*in a tone of injury*). Why? Because I can't give my imitations of Arthur Roberts and Yvette Guilbert with anything *like* the requisite "go," unless I get a better audience than three programme-sellers, all under ten, and the cloak-room maid—*that's* why!

MRS. ALBUTT-INNETT (*as she leaves, for the benefit of bystanders*). I must say, the house is *most* disappointing—not at *all* what I should expect a *Marquis* to live in. Why, my *own* reception-rooms are very nearly as large, and decorated in a much more modern style!

BOBBIE PATTERSON (*to a "DOOSID GOOD-NATURED FELLOW, who doesn't care what he does," and whom he has just discovered inside a case got up to represent an automatic sweetmeat machine*). Why, my dear old *chap*! No idea it was *you* inside that thing! Enjoying yourself in there, eh?

THE DOOSID GOOD-NATURED FELLOW (*fluffily, from the interior*). Enjoying myself! With the beastly pennies droppin' down into my boots, and the kids howlin' because all the confounded chocolates have worked up between my shoulder-blades, and I can't shake 'em out of the slit in my arm? I'd like to see *you* tryin' it!

THE L. O. L. (*to a stranger, who is approaching the*

Princess's stall). 'Ere, Mister, where are your manners? 'Ats off in the presence o' Royalty!

[She pokes him in the back with her umbrella; the stranger turns, smiles slightly, and passes on.]

A WELL-INFORMED BYSTANDER. You are evidently unaware, Madam, that the gentleman you have just addressed is His Serene Highness the Prince of Potsdam!

The L. O. L. (*aghast*). Her 'usban'! And me a jobbin' of 'im with my umbrella! 'Ere, let me get out!

[She staggers out, in deadly terror of being sent to the Tower on the spot.]

THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR IN REDUCED
CIRCUMSTANCES.



THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

YOU are, let us say, a young professional man in chambers or offices, incompetently guarded by an idiot boy whom you dare not trust with the responsibility of denying you to strangers. You hear a knock at your outer door, followed by conversation in the clerk's room, after which your salaried idiot announces "A Gentleman to see you." Enter a dingy and dismal little man in threadbare black, who advances with an air of mysterious importance. "I think," he begins, "I 'ave the pleasure of speaking to Mr. ——" (*whatever your name is.*) "I take the liberty of calling, Mr. ——, to consult you on a matter of the utmost importance, and I shall feel personally obliged if you will take precautions for our conversation not being over'eard."

He looks grubby for a client—but appearances are deceptive, and you offer him a seat, assuring him that

he may speak with perfect security—whereupon he proceeds in a lowered voice.

“The story I am about to reveal,” he says, smoothing a slimy tall hat, “is of a nature so revolting, so ‘orrible in its details, that I can ‘ardly bring myself to speak it to any ‘uming ear!” (*Here you will probably prepare to take notes.*) “You see before you one who is of ‘igh birth but low circumstances!” (*At this you give him up as a possible client, but a mixture of diffidence and curiosity compels you to listen.*) “Yes, Sir, I was ‘*fruges consumere nati.*’ I ‘ave received a neducation more befitting a dook than my present condition. Nursed in the lap of haffluence, I was trained to fill the lofty position which was to have been my lot. But, ‘*necessitas,*’ Sir, as you are aware, ‘*necessitas non abat lejim,*’ and such I found it. While still receiving a classical education at Cambridge College—(praps you are yourself an alumbus of *Halma Mater*? No? I apologise, Sir, I’m sure)—but while preparing to take my honorary degree, my father suddenly enounced the horful news that he was a bankrup’. Stript of all we possessed, we were turned out of our sumchuous ‘ome upon the cold world, my father’s grey ‘airs were brought down sorrowing to sangwidge boards, though he is still sangwin of paying off his creditors in time out of

what he can put by from his scanty hearings. My poor dear Mother—a lady born and bred—sank by slow degrees to a cawfy-stall, which is now morgidged to the 'ilt, and my eldest Sister, a lovely and accomplished gairl, was 'artlessly thrown over by a nobleman, to 'oom she was engaged to be married, before our reverses overtook us. His name the delikit hinstinks of a gentleman will forbid you to inquire, as likewise me to mention—enough to 'int that he occupies a prominent position amongst the hupper circles of Society, and is frequently to be met with in the papers. His faithlessness preyed on my Sister's mind to that degree, that she is now in the Asylum, a nopeless' maniac! My honely Brother was withdrawn from 'Arrow, and now 'as the 'yumiliation of selling penny toys on the kerbstone to his former playfellers. '*Tantec nannymice salestibus hira,*' indeed, Sir!

“But you ask what befell myself.” (*You have not—for the simple reason that, even if you desired information, he has given you no chance, as yet, of putting in a word.*) “Ah, Sir, there you 'ave me on a tender point. '*Hakew tetigisti,*' if I may venture once more upon a scholarly illusion. But I 'ave resolved to conceal nothing—and you shall 'ear. For a time I obtained employment as Seckertary and Imanuensis

to a young baranit, 'oo had been the bosom friend of my College days. He would, I know, have used his influence with Goverment to obtain me a lucrative post ; but, alas, ere he could do so, unaired sheets, coupled with deliket 'elth, took him off premature, and I was once more thrown on my own resources.

“In conclusion, Sir, you 'ave doubtless done me the hinjustice to expect, from all I 'ave said, that my hobjick in obtaining this interview was to ask you for pecuniary assistance?” (*Here you reflect with remorse that a suspicion to this effect has certainly crossed your mind.*) “Nothing of the sort or kind, I do assure you. A little 'uming sympathy, the relief of pouring out my sorrers upon a feeling 'art, a few kind encouraging words, is all I arsk, and that, Sir, the first sight of your kind friendly face told me I should not lack. Pore as I am, I still 'ave my pride, the pride of a English gentleman, and if you was to orfer me a sovereign as you sit there, I should fling it in the fire—ah, I *should*—'urt and indignant at the hinsult!” (*Here you will probably assure him that you have no intention of outraging his feelings in any such manner.*) “No, and why, Sir? Because you 'ave a gentlemanly 'art, and if you were to make sech a orfer, you would do it in a kindly Christian spirit which would rob it of all offence. There's not

many as I would bring myself to accept a paltry sovereign from, but I dunno—I might from one like yourself—I *might*. *Ord hignara mali, miseris succurreary disco*, as the old philosopher says. You 'ave that kind of way with you." (*You mildly intimate that he is mistaken here, and take the opportunity of touching the bell.*) "No, Sir, don't be untrue to your better himpulses. 'Ave a feelin 'art, Sir! Don't send me away, after allowing me to waste my time 'ere—which is of value *to me*, let me tell yer, whatever *yours* is!—like this! . . . Well, well, there's 'ard people in this world? I'm *going*, Sir . . . I 'ave sufficient dignity to take a 'int . . . You 'aven't got even a trifle to spare an old University Scholar in redooced circumstances then? . . . Ah, it's easy to see you ain't been at a University yourself—you ain't got the *hair* of it! Farewell, Sir, and may your lot in life be 'appier than—All right, don't *hexcite* yourself. I've bin mistook in yer, that's all. I thought you was as soft-edded a young mug as you look. Open that door, will yer; I want to get out of this 'ole!"

Here he leaves you with every indication of disgust and disappointment, and you will probably hear him indulging in unclassical vituperation on the landing.

RUS IN URBE.

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RUS IN URBE.

(A SKETCH IN REGENT'S PARK.)

A railed-in corner of the Park. TIME—About 7 p.m. Inside the enclosure three shepherds are engaged in shearing the park sheep. The first shepherd has just thrown his patient on its back, gripped its shoulders between his knees, and tucked its head, as a tiresome and obstructive excrescence, neatly away under one of his arms, while he reaches for the shears. The second is straddled across his animal, which is lying with its hind legs hobbled on a low stage under an elm, in a state of stoical resignation, as its fleece is deftly nipped from under its chin. The third operator has almost finished his sheep, which, as its dark grey fleece slips away from its pink-and-white neck and shoulders, suggests a rather décolletée dowager in the act of removing her theatre-cloak in the stalls. Sheep, already shorn, lie and pant in shame and shivering bewilderment, one or two nibble the blades of grass, as if to assure themselves that that resource is still open to them. Sheep whose turn is still to come are penned up at the back, and look on, scandalised, but with an air which seems to express that their own superior respectability is a sufficient protection against similar outrage. The shearers appear to take a humorous view of their task, and are watched by a crowd which has collected round the railings, with an agreeable assurance that they are not expected to contribute towards the entertainment.

FIRST WORK-GIRL (*edging up*). Whatever's goin' on inside 'ere? (*After looking—disappointed.*) Why they ain't on'y a lot o'

sheep! I thought it was Reciters, or somethink o' that.

SECOND WORK-GIRL (*with irony*). They *look* like Reciters, don't they! It do seem a shime cuttin' them poor things as close as convicks, that it do!

FIRST W.-G. They don't mind it partickler; you'd 'ear 'em 'oller fast enough if they did.

SECOND W.-G. I expeck they feel so redic'lus, they 'aven't the 'art to 'oller.

LUCILLA (*to GEORGE*). Do look at that one going up and sniffing at the bundle of fleeces, trying to find out which is his. *Isn't* it pathetic?

GEORGE. H'm—puts one in mind of a shy man in a cloak-room after a party, saying feebly, "I rather think that's *my* coat, and there's a crush hat of mine *somewhere* about," eh?

LUCILLA (*who is always wishing that GEORGE would talk more sensibly*). Considering that sheep don't wear crush hats, I hardly see how——

GEORGE. My dear, I bow to your superior knowledge of natural history. Now you mention it, I believe it is unusual. But I merely meant to suggest a general resemblance.

LUCILLA (*reprovingly*). I know. And you've got



"They ain't on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was Reciters,
or somethink o' that."

into such a silly habit of seeing resemblances in things that are perfectly different. I'm sure I'm *always* telling you of it.

GEORGE. You are, my dear. But I'm not nearly so bad as I *was*. Think of all the things I used to compare *you* to before we were married !

SARAH JANE (*to her TROOPER*). I could stand an' look at 'em hours, I could. I was born and bred in the country, and it do seem to bring back my old 'ome that plain.

Her TROOPER. I'm country bred too, though yer mightn't think it. But there ain't much in sheep shearin' to *my* mind. If it was *pig killin'*, now !

SARAH JANE. Ah, that's along o' your bein' in the milingtary, I expect.

Her TROOPER. No, it ain't that. It's the reckerlections it 'ud call up. I 'ad a 'ole uncle a pork-butcher, d'ye see, and (*with sentiment*) many and many a 'appy hour I've spent as a boy—— [*He indulges in tender reminiscences.*]

A YOUNG CLERK (*who belongs to a Literary Society, to his FIANCÉE*). It has a wonderfully rural look—quite like a scene in 'Ardy, isn't it ?

HIS FIANCÉE (*who has "no time for reading rubbish"*). I daresay; though I've never been there myself.

THE CLERK. Never been? Oh, I see. You thought I said *Arden*—the Forest of Arden, in Shakspeare, didn't you?

HIS FIANCÉE. Isn't that where Mr. Gladstone lives, and goes cutting down the trees in?

THE CLERK. No; At least it's spelt different. But it was 'Ardy I meant. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, you know.

HIS FIANCÉE (*with a vague view to the next Bank Holiday*). What do you call "far"—farther than Margate?

[*Her companion has a sense of discouragement.*]

AN ARTISAN (*to a neighbour in broadcloth and a white choker*). It's wonderful 'ow they can go so close without 'urtin' of 'em, ain't it?

HIS NEIGHBOUR (*with unction*). Ah, my friend, it on'y shows 'ow true it is that 'eving tempers the shears for the shorn lambs!

A GOVERNESS (*instructively, to her charge*). Don't you think you ought to be very grateful to that poor sheep, Ethel, for giving up her nice warm fleece on purpose to make a frock for you?

ETHEL (*doubtfully*). Y—yes, Miss Mavor. But (*with a fear that some reciprocity may be expected of her*) she's too big for any of my best frocks, isn't she?

FIRST URCHIN (*perched on the railings*). Ain't that 'un a-kicking? 'E don't like 'aving 'is 'air cut, 'e don't, no more shouldn't I if it was me. . . . 'E's bin an' upset 'is bloke on the grorss, now! Look at the bloke layin' there larfin'. . . 'E's ketched 'im agin now. See 'im landin' 'im a smack on the 'ed; that'll learn 'im to stay quiet, eh? 'E's strong, ain't 'e?

SECOND URCHIN. Rams is the wust, though, 'cause they got 'orns, rams 'ave.

FIRST URCH. What, same as goats?

SECOND URCH. (*emphatically*). Yuss! Big crooked 'uns. And runs at yer, they do.

FIRST URCH. I wish they was rams in 'ere. See all them sheep waitin' to be done. I wonder what they're finkin' of.

SECOND URCH. Ga-arn! They *don't* fink, sheep don't.

FIRST URCH. Not o' anyfink?

SECOND URCH. Na-ow! They ain't got nuffink to fink *about*, sheep ain't.

FIRST URCH. I lay they *do* fink, 'orf and on.

Puppets at Large.

SECOND URCH. Well, I lay *you* never see 'em doin' of it!

[And so on. The first Shepherd disrobes his sheep, and dismisses it with a disrespectful spank. After which he proceeds to refresh himself from a brown jar, and hands it to his comrades. The spectators look on with deeper interest, and discuss the chances of the liquid being beer, cider, or cold tea, as the scene closes.]

CATCHING THE EARLY BOAT.



CATCHING THE EARLY BOAT.

In Bed; At the Highland Hotel, Oban.

WHAT an extraordinary thing is the mechanism of the human mind! Went to sleep last night impressed with vital importance of waking at six, to catch early steamer to Gairloch. And here I am—broad awake—at exactly 5.55! Is it automatic action, or what? Like setting clockwork for explosive machine. When the time comes, I blow up—I mean, *get* up. Think out this simile—rather a good one. . . . Need not have been so particular in telling Boots to call me, after all. Shall I get up *before* he comes? He'll be rather surprised when he knocks at the door, and hears me singing inside like a lark. But, on reflection, isn't it rather *petty* to wish to astonish an hotel Boots? And why on earth should I get up myself, when I've tipped another fellow to get me up? But suppose he forgets to call me. I've no right, as yet, to *assume* that

he will. To get up now would argue want of confidence in him—might hurt his feelings. I will give him another five minutes, poor fellow. . . .

Getting up.—No actual necessity to get up yet, but, to make assurance doubly—something or other, forget what—I will . . . I do. Portmanteau rather refractory; retreats under bed—quite ten minutes before I can coax it out. . . . When I have, it won't let me pack it. That's the worst of this breed of brown portmanteaus—they're always nasty-tempered. However, I am getting a few things into it now, by degrees. Very annoying—as fast as I put them in, this confounded portmanteau shoots them out again! If I've put in that pair of red and white striped pyjamas once, I've done it twenty times—and they always come twisting and rolling out of the back, somehow. Fortunate I left myself ample time.

Man next door to me is running it rather fine. *He* has to catch the boat, too, and he's not up yet! Hear the Boots hammering away at his door. How *can* a fellow, just for the sake of a few more minutes in bed—which he won't even know he's *had*!—go and risk losing his steamer in that way? I'll do him a good turn—knock at the wall myself. “Hi! get up, you lazy beggar. Look sharp—you'll be late!”

He thanks me, in a muffled tone, through the wall. He is a remarkably quick dresser, he tells me—it won't take him thirty-five seconds to pack, dress, pay his bill, and get on board. If that's the case, I don't see why *I* should hurry. I've got much more than that *already*.

At the Quay.—People in Oban stare a good deal. Can't quite make out reason, unless they're surprised to find me up so early. Explain that I got up without having even been called. Oban populace mildly surprised, and offer me neckties—*Why?*

Fine steamer this; has a paddle-wheel at *both* ends—"because," the Captain explains, "she has not only to *go* to Gairloch—but come back as well."

First-rate navigator, the Captain; he has written my weight, the date of my last birthday, and the number of the house I live in, down in a sort of ledger he keeps. He does this with all his passengers, he tells me, reduces the figures to logarithms, and works out the ship's course in decimals. No idea there was so much science in modern seamanship.

On Board.—Great advantage of being so early is that you can breakfast quietly on deck before starting. Have mine on bridge of steamer, under awning; everything very good—ham-méringues

excellent. No coffee, but, instead, a capital brand of dry, sparkling marinalade, served, sailor-fashion, in small pomatum-pots.

What a small world we live in! Of all people in the world, who should be sitting next to me but my Aunt Maria! I was always under the impression that she had died in my infancy. Don't like to mention this, because if I am *wrong*, she might be offended. But if she *did* die when I was a child, she ought to be a much older woman than she looks. I *do* tell her this—because it is really a compliment.

My Aunt, evidently an experienced traveller, never travels, she informs me, without a pair of globes and a lawn-mower. She offers, very kindly, to lend me the Celestial globe, if the weather is at all windy. This is behaving *like* an Aunt!

We are taking in live-stock; curious-looking creatures, like spotted pug-dogs (only bigger and woollier, of course) and without horns. Somebody leaning over the rail next to me (I *think* he is the Public Prosecutor, but am not quite sure), tells me they are "Scotch Shortbreads." Agreeable man, but rather given to staring.

Didn't observe it before, but my Aunt is really amazingly like Mr. Gladstone. Ask her to explain this. She is much distressed that I have noticed it;

says she has felt it coming on for some time ; it is not, as she justly complains, as if she took any interest in politics either. She has consulted every doctor in London, and they all tell her it is simply weakness, and she will outgrow it with care. Singular case—must find out (delicately) whether it's catching.

We ought to be starting soon ; feel quite fresh and lively, in spite of having got up so early. Mention this to Captain. Wish he and the Public Prosecutor wouldn't stare at me so. Just as if there was something singular in my appearance !

They're embarking my portmanteau now. Knew they would have a lively time of it ! It takes at least four sailors, in kilts, to manage it. Ought I to step ashore and quiet it down ? Stay where I am. Don't know why, but feel a little afraid of it when it's like this. Shall exchange it for a quiet hand-bag when I get home.

Captain busy hammering at a hole in the funnel—dangerous place to spring a leak in—hope he is making it water-tight. The hammering reminds me of that poor devil in the bedroom next to mine at the hotel. *He* won't catch the boat now—he *can't* ! My Aunt (who has left off looking like Mr. Gladstone) asks me why I am laughing. I tell her about

that unfortunate man and his "thirty-five seconds." She screams with laughter. Very humorous woman, my Aunt.

Deck crowded with passengers now : all pointing and staring . . . at whom ? Ask Aunt Maria. She declines to tell me : says, severely, that " If I don't know, I ought to."

Great Heavens ! It's at *me* they're staring ! And no wonder—in the hurry I was in, I must have packed *everything* up ! . . . I've come away just as I was ! *Now* I understand why someone offered me a necktie. Where shall I go and hide myself ? Shall I ever persuade that beast of a portmanteau to give me out one or two things to put on—because I really *can't* go about like this ! Captain still hammering at funnel—but he can't wake that sleepy-headed idiot in the next room. " Louder—knock *louder*, or the boat will go without him ! Tell him there isn't another for two days. He's said good-bye to everybody he knows at Oban—he will look such an ass if he doesn't go, after all !" . . . Not the least use ! Wonder what his name is. My Aunt says *she* knows, only she won't tell me—she'll whisper it, as a great secret. She is just about to disclose the name, which, somehow, I am extremely curious to know—when . . .

Where am I? Haven't they got that unhappy fellow up *yet*? Why the dickens are they knocking at *my* door? I've been on board the steamer for hours, I tell you? Eh? *what*? Five minutes to eight! And the Gairloch boat? "Sailed at usual time—seven. Tried to make you hear—but couldn't." . . . Confound it all! Good mind not to get up all day—now!

SOCIETY'S NEXT CRAZE.



SOCIETY'S NEXT CRAZE.

(AS FORESEEN BY MR. PUNCH'S SECOND-SIGHTED
CLAIRVOYANT.)

It is the summer of 189—. The scene is a road skirting Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, which Society's leaders have recently discovered and appointed as the rendez-vous for the Season, and where it is now the correct thing for all really smart people to indulge, between certain prescribed hours, in sports and pastimes that have hitherto been more characteristic of the masses than the classes. The only permissible mount now is the donkey, which must be ridden close to the tail, and referred to as a "moke." A crowd of well-turned-out spectators arrives from the West End every morning about eleven to watch the brilliant parade of "Mokestrians" (as the Society journalist will already have decided to call them). Some drive slowly up and down on coster-barrows, attended by cockaded and disgusted grooms. About twelve, they break up into light luncheon parties; after which they play democratic games for half an hour or so, and drive home on drags.

MR. WOODEY-INNETT (*to the DONKEY PROPRIETOR*). Kept a moke for me? I told you I should be wantin' one every mornin' now.

THE DONKEY PROPRIETOR (*after consulting engagement book*). I've not got it down on my list, Sir. Very sorry, but the Countess of Cumberback has just booked the last for the 'ole of this week. Might let you 'ave one by-and-by, if Sir Hascot Goodwood brings his in punctual, but I can't promise it.

MR. WOODBY-INN. That's no good; no point in ridin' after the right time. (*To himself, as he turns away.*) Nuisance! Not that I'm so keen about a moke. Not a patch on a bike!—though it don't do to say so. Only if I'd known this, I'd have turned up in a tall hat and frock coat; and then I could have taken a turn on the steam-circus. Wonder if it would be any sort of form shyin' at cocoa-nuts in tweeds and a straw hat. Must ask some chap who knows. More puzzlin' what to put on this year than ever!

LADY RANELA HURLINGHAM (*breathlessly to DONKEY PROPRIETOR*). That's mine, isn't it? Will you please put me up, and *promise* me you'll keep close behind and make him run. (*Suppliantly.*) You will, *won't* you?

THE DONKEY PROPRIETOR (*with a due sense of his own value*). Well, I dessay I can come along presently, Lady 'Urlingham, and fetch 'im a whack or two; jest now I can't, having engaged to come and 'old the Marshiness of 'Ammercloth on 'er moke;



“ Mokestrians.”

but there, you orter be able to git along well enough by yourself now—you ought!

CAPTAIN SONBYRNE (*just home on leave from India—to MRS. CHESHAM-LOWNDES*). Rather an odd sort of idea this—I mean, coming all the way out here to ride a lot of donkeys, eh?

MRS. CHESHAM-LOWNDES. It used to be rather amusing a month ago, before they all got used to riding so near the tail; but now they're all so good at it, don't you know.

CAPT. SONB. I went down to Battersea Park yesterday to see the bicyclists. Not a soul there, give you my word!

MRS. C.-L. No; there *wouldn't* be *this* season. You see, all sorts and conditions of people began to take it up, and it got too fearfully common. And now moke-riding has quite cut it out.

CAPT. SONB. But why ride donkeys when you can get gees?

MRS. C.-L. Oh, well, they're democratic, and cheap, and all that, don't you know. And one really can't be *seen* on a horse this year—in town, at least. In the country it don't matter so much.

FIRST MOKESTRIAN (*to second ditto*). Hullo, old chap, so *you've* taken to a moke at last, eh? How are you gettin' on?

SECOND MOKESTRIAN. Pretty well. I can sit on his tail all right now, but I can't get into the way of keepin' my heels off the ground yet, it's so beastly difficult.

Fragments from SPECTATORS. That's rather a smart barrow Lady Barinrayne's drivin' to-day. . . . Who's the fellow with her, with the paper feather in his pot-hat? Bad style, I call it. . . . That's Lord Freddy Fugleman—best dressed man in London. You'll see everybody turnin' up in a paper feather in a day or two. . . . Lot of men seem to be using a short clay as a cigarette-holder now, don't they? . . . Yes, Roddie Rippingill introduced the idea last week, and it seems to have caught on. [*&c., &c.*]

After Luncheon ; at the Steam-Circus and other Sports.

Scraps of Small-talk. No end sorry, Lady Gwendolen; been tryin' to get you a scent-squirt everywhere; but they're all gone; such a run on 'em for Ascot, don't you know. . . . Thanks; it doesn't matter; only dear Lady Buckram has just thrown some red ochre down the back of my neck, and Algy Vere came and shot out a coloured paper thing right in my face, and I shouldn't like to seem uncivil. . . . Suppose I shall see you at Lady Brabazon's "Kiss

in the Ring " at Bethnal Green to-morrow afternoon ? . . . I believe she *did* send us cards, but we promised to look in at a friendly lead the Duchess of Dillwater is giving at such a dear little public she's discovered in Whitechapel, so we may be rather late. . . . You'll keep a handkerchief-throw for me if you *do* come on, won't you ? . . . It will have to be an *extra*, then, I'm afraid. . . . Are you goin' to Lord Balmisyde's eight o'clock breakfast to-morrow ? So glad ; I hear he's engaged five coffee-stalls, and we're all to stand up and eat saveloys and trotters and thick bread and butter. . . . Oh, I wanted to ask you, my girls have got an invitation to a hoky-poky party the Vavasours are giving after the moke-ridin' next Thursday, and I'm told it's quite wrong to eat hoky-poky with a spoon—do you know how that is ? . . . The only *correct* way, Caroline, is to lick it out of the glass, which requires practice before it can be *attempted* in public. But I hear there's quite a pleasant boy-professor somewhere in the Mile End Road who teaches it in a single lesson ; he's *very* moderate ; his terms are only half a guinea, which includes the hoky-poky. I'll send you his address if I can find it. . . . Thanks *so* much ; the dear girls *will* be so grateful to you. . . . I *do* think it's *quite* too bad of Lady Geraldine Grabber, she goes

and sticks her card on the only decent wooden horse in the steam-circus and says she's engaged it for the whole time, though she hardly ever takes a round! And so many girls standing out who can ride without getting in the *least* giddy! . . . Rathah a boundah, that fellow, if you ask me; I've *seen* him pullin' a swing boat in brown boots and ridin'-breeches! . . . How wonderfully well your daughter throws the rings, dear Lady Cornelia, I hear she's won three walking-sticks and five clasp knives. . . . You're very kind. She is quite clever at it; but then she's had some private coaching from a gipsy, don't you know. . . . What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon? . . . Oh, I'm going to the People's Palace to see the finals played off for the Skittles Championship; bound to be a closish thing; rather excitin', don't you know. . . . Ah, Duchess, you've been in form to-day, I see, five cocoa-nuts! Can I relieve you of some of them? . . . Thanks, they *are* rather tiresome to carry; if you *could* find my carriage and tell the footman to keep his eye on them. [*&c., &c.*]

LADY ROSEHUGH (*to MR. LUKE WALMER, on the way home*). You know I *do* think it's *such* a cheering sign of the times, Society getting simpler in its tastes, and sharing the pleasures of the Dear People, and all

that ; it must tend to bring all classes more *together*, don't you know !

MR. LUKE WALMER. Perhaps. Only I was thinking, I don't remember seeing any of the Dear People *about*.

LADY ROSEHUGH. No ; somebody was telling me they had taken to playing Polo on bicycles in Hyde Park. So extraordinary of them—such a pity they haven't some higher form of amusement, you know !

AN IDEAL INTERVIEWER.



AN IDEAL INTERVIEWER.

Den of Latest Lion.

LATEST LION (*perusing card with no visible signs of gratification*). Confound it! don't remember telling the Editor of *Park Lane* I'd let myself be interviewed. Suppose I must have, though. (*Aloud to SERVANT, who is waiting.*) You can show the Gentleman up.

SERVANT (*returning*). Mr. Walsingham Jermyn!

[*A youthful Gentleman is shown in; he wears a pink-striped shirt-front, an enormous button-hole, and a woolly frock-coat, and is altogether most expensively and fashionably attired, which, however, does not prevent him from appearing somewhat out of countenance after taking a seat.*

The L. L. (*encouragingly*). I presume, Mr. Jermyn, you're here to ask me some questions about the future of the British East African Company, and the duty of the Government in the matter?

MR. JERMYN (*gratefully*). Er—yes, that's what I've come about, don't you know—that sort of thing. Fact is (*with a burst of confidence*), this isn't exactly my line—I've been rather let in for this. You see, I've not been by way of doin' this long—but what's a fellow to do when he's stony-broke? Got to do *somethin'*, don't you know. So I thought I'd go in for journalism—I don't mean the drudgery of it, leader-writin' and that—but the light part of it, *Society*, you know. But the other day, man who does the interviews for *Park Lane* (that's the paper I'm on) jacked up all of a sudden, and my Editor said I'd better take on his work for a bit, and see what I made of it. I wasn't particular. You see, I've always been rather a dead hand at drawin' fellows out, leadin' them on, you know, and all that, so I knew it would come easy enough to me, for all you've got to do is to sit tight and let the other chap—I mean to say, the man you're interviewin'—do all the talking, while you—I mean to say, myself—keep, keeps—hullo, I'm getting my grammar a bit mixed; however, it don't signify—I keep quiet and use my eyes and ears like blazes. Talking of grammar, I thought when I first started that I should get in a regular hat over the grammar, and the spellin', and that—you write, don't you, when you're not

travellin'? So you know what a grind it is to spell right. But I soon found they kept a Johnny at the office with nothing to do but put all your mistakes right for you, so, soon as I knew that, I went ahead gaily.

THE L. L. Exactly, and now, perhaps, you will let me know what particular information you require?

MR. J. Oh, *you* know the sort of thing the public likes—they'll want to know what sort of diggings you've got, how you dress when you're at home, and all that, how you write your books, now—you do write books, don't you? Thought so. Well, that's what the public likes. You see, your name's a good deal up just now—no humbug, it is though! Between ourselves, you know, I think the whole business is the balliest kind of rot, but they've got to have it, so there you are, don't you see. I don't pretend to be a well-read sort of fellow, never was particularly fond of readin' and that; no time for it, and besides, I've always said *Books* don't teach you knowledge of the world. I know the world fairly well—but I didn't learn it from books—ah, you agree with me there—you know what skittles all that talk is about education and that. Well, as I was sayin', I don't read much, I see the *Field* every week, and a clinkin' good paper

it is, tells you everythin' worth knowin', and I read the *Pink Un*, too. Do you know any of the fellows on it? Man I know is a great friend of one of them, he's going to introduce me some day, I like knowin' literary chaps, don't you? You've been about a good deal, haven't you? I expect you must have seen a lot, travellin' as you do. I've done a little travellin' myself, been to Monte Carlo, you know, and the Channel Islands—you ever been to the Channel Islands? Oh, you ought to go, it's a very cheery place. Talkin' of Monte Carlo, I had a rattlin' good time at the tables there; took out a hundred quid, determined I would have a downright good flutter, and Jove! I made that hundred last me over five days, and came away in nothing but my lawn-tennis flannels. That's what I *call* a flutter, don't you know! Er—beastly weather we're havin'! You have pretty good weather where you've been? A young brother of mine has been out for a year in Texas—he said *he'd* very good weather—of course that's some way off where *you've* come from—Central Africa, isn't it? Talkin' of my brother, what do you think the young ass did?—went out there with a thousand pounds, and paid it all down to some sportsmen who took him to see some stock they said belonged to them—of course he found out after

they'd off'd it that they didn't own a white mouse among 'em! But then, Dick's one of those chaps, you know, that think themselves so uncommon knowing, they *can't* be had. I always told him he'd be taken in some day if he let his tongue wag so much—too fond of hearing himself talk, don't you know, great mistake for a young fellow; sure to say somethin' you'd better have let alone. I suppose you're getting rather sick of all these banquets, receptions, and that? They do you very well, certainly. I went to one of these Company dinners some time ago, and they did me as well as I've ever been done in my life, but when you've got to sit still afterwards and listen to some chap who's been somewhere and done somethin' jawin' about it by the hour together without a check, why, it's not *good* enough, I'm hanged if it is! Well, I'm afraid I can't stay any longer—my time's valuable now, don't you know. I daresay yours is, too. I'm awfully glad to have had a chat with you, and all that. I expect you could tell me a lot more interestin' things, only of course you've got to keep the best of 'em to put in your book—you *are* writin' a book or somethin', ain't you? Such heaps of fellows are writin' books nowadays, the wonder is how any of 'em get read. I shall try and get a look at yours, though, if I come across it

anywhere; hope you'll put some amusin' things in,—nigger stories and that, don't make it too bally scientific, you know. Directly I get back, I shall sit down, slick off, and write off all you've told me. I shan't want any notes, I can carry it all in my head, and of course I shan't put in anything you'd rather I didn't, don't you know.

The L. L. (*solemnly*). Mr. Jermyn, I place implicit confidence in your discretion. I have no doubt whatever that your head, Sir, is more than capable of containing such remarks as I have found it necessary to make in the course of our interview. I like your system of extracting information, Sir, very much. Good morning.

Mr. J. (*outside*). Nice pleasant-spoken fellow—trifle long-winded, though! Gad, I was so busy listenin' I forgot to notice what his rooms were like or anythin'! How would it do to go back? No, too much of a grind. Daresay I can manage to fox up somethin'. I shall tell the Chief what he said about my system. Chief don't quite know what I *can* do yet—this will open his eyes a bit.

[*And it does.*]

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE EDGWARE
ROAD.



SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE EDGWARE ROAD.

For over half-a-mile the pavement on the East side of the road is thronged with promenaders, and the curbstone lined with stalls and barrows, and hawkers of various wares. Marketing housewives with covered baskets oscillate undecidedly from stalls to shops, and put off purchasing to the last possible moment. Maids-of-all-work perambulate arm-in-arm, exchanging airy badinage with youths of their acquaintance, though the latter seem to prefer the society of their own sex. A man with a switchback skittle-board plays gloomy games by himself to an unspeculative group of small boys. The tradesmen stand outside their shops and conduct their business with a happy blend of the methods of a travelling showman and a clown.

BURLESQUE BUTCHER. Now then, all o' you there! Buy, buy, buy! Just give yer minds to spendin' yer money! (*In a tone of artless wonder.*) Where does the Butcher git this luvverly meat? What can I do fur you now, Marm? (*Triumphantly, after selling the scrag-end of a neck of mutton.*) Now we're busy!

FARCICAL FISHMONGER (*with two Comic Assistants*).
Ahar! (*To crowd.*) Come 'ere, you silly young
snorkers! I've the qualitee! I've the qualitatay!
Keep takin' money!

FIRST COMIC ASSISTANT. Ahye! Foppence a
pound nice plaice! Kippers two fur three 'apence.
We're the Perfeshnul Curers! What are yer all
goin' to *do*? Sort 'em out cheap!

SECOND C. A. I don't mind! What care I?
(*Bursting into song.*) "'Ow, she rowled me 'ed, and
rumbled in the 'ay!" On me word, she did, ladies!

[*He executes a double shuffle, and knocks over
several boxes of bloaters in the gaiety of his
heart.*]

A HAWKER OF PENNY MEMORANDUM BOOKS (*to
an audience of small boys*). Those among you 'oo
are not mechanics, decidedly you 'ave mechanical
hideers!

[*He enlarges upon the convenience of having a note-
book in which to jot down any inspirations of
this kind; but his hearers do not appear to
agree with him.*]

A LUGUBRIOUS VENDOR. One penny for six
comic pypers. Hevery one different!

A RUDE BOY. You ain't bin *readin'* o' any on
'em, 'ave yer, guv'nor?

A CROCKERY MERCHANT (*as he unpacks a variety of vases of appalling hideousness*). I don't care—it's self-sacrifice to give away! Understand, you ain't buyin' common things, you're buyin' suthin' good! It 'appens to be my buthday to-night, so I'm goin' to let you people 'ave the benefit of the doubt. Come on 'ere. I don't ask you to b'lieve *me*—ony to 'jedge fur yerselves. I'm not 'ere to tell you no fairy tales; and the reason why I'm in a position to offer up these vawses—all richly gilt, and decorated in three colours, the most expensive ever made—the reason I'm able to sell them so cheap as I'm doin' is this—(*he lowers his voice mysteriously*)—'arf the stuff I 'ave 'ere we git in very funny ways!

[*This ingeniously suggestive hint enhances the natural charm of his ware to such a degree that the vases are bought up briskly, as calculated to brighten the humblest home.*]

A SANCTIMONIOUS YOUNG MAN (*with a tongue too large for his mouth, who has just succeeded in collecting a circle round him*). I am only 'ere to-night, my friends, as a paid servant—for the purpose of deciding a wager. Some o' you may have noticed an advertisement lately in the *Daily Telegraph*, asking for men to stand on Southwark Bridge and offer arf-suverings for a penny apiece. You are equally well aware that

it is illegal to offer the Queen's coinage for money : and that is *not* my intention this evening. *But* I 'ave 'ere several pieces of gold, guaranteed to be of the exact weight of arf a suvering, and 'all-marked, which, in order to decide the wager I 'ave spoken of, I shall now perceed to charge you the sum of one penny for, and no more. I am not allowed to sell *more* than one to each person——

[Here a constable comes up, and the decision of the wager is postponed until a more favourable opportunity.]

FIRST "GENERAL" (*looking into a draper's window*). Look at them coloured felt 'ats—all shades, and on'y sixpence three-fardens !

SECOND "G." They *are* reasonable ; but I've 'eard as felt 'ats is gone out of fashion now.

FIRST "G." Don't you believe it, Sarah. Why, my married sister bought one on'y last week !

COSTER (*to an old lady who has repudiated a bunch of onions after a prolonged scrutiny*). Frorsty ? So would you be if your onion 'ad bin layin' out in the fields all night as long as these 'ave !

FIRST ITINERANT PHYSICIAN (*as he screws up fragments of candy in pieces of newspaper*). That is Frog in your Froat what I'm doin' up now. I arsk you to try it. It's given to me to give away, and

I'm goin' to *give* it away—you understand?—that's all. And now I'm going to tork to you about suthink else. You see this small bottle what I 'old up. I tell you there's 'undreds layin' in bed at this present moment as 'ud give a shillin' fur one of these—and I offer it to you at one penny! It corrects all nerve-pains connected with the 'ed, cures earache, toothache, neuralgy, noomonia, 'art-complaint, fits, an' syhatica. Each bottle is charged with helectricity, forming a complete galvanic-battery. Hall *you* 'ave to do is to place the bottle to one o' your nawstrils, first closing the other with your finger. You will find it compels you to sniff. The moment you *tyke* that sniff, you'll find the worter comin' into your heyes—and that's the helectricity. You'll say, "*I* always 'eard helectricity was a *fluid*." (*With withering scorn.*) Very *likely*! You 'ave? An' *why*? Be-cawse o' the hignirant notions prevailin' about scientific affairs! Hevery one o' these bottles contains a battery, and to each purchaser I myke 'im a present—a *present*, mind yer—of Frog in 'is Froat!

SUSAN JANE (*to LIZERANN, before a stall where "Novelettes, three a penny," are to be procured by the literary*). Shall we 'ave a penn'orth, an' you go 'alves along o' me?

LIZERANN. Not *me*. I ain't got no time to go improvin' o' my mind, whatever *you* 'ave!

A VENDOR OF "'ORE'OUND TABLETS" (*he is a voluble young man, with considerable lung-power, and a tendency to regard his cough lozenges as not only physical but moral specifics*). I'm on'y a young feller, as you see, and yet 'ere I *am*, with my four burnin' lamps, and a lassoo-soot as belonged to my Uncle Bill, doin' *wunnerful* well. Why, I've took over two pound in coppers a'ready! Mind you, I don't deceive you; you may all on you do as well as me; on'y you'll 'ave to get two good ref'rences fust, *and* belong to a temp'rance society, like I do. This is the badge as I've got on me at this minnit. I ain't always bin like I am now. I started business four year ago, and was doin' *wunnerful* well, too, till I got among 'orse-copers an' dealers and went on the booze, and lost the lot. Then I turned up the drink and got a berth sellin' these 'ere Wangoo Tablets—and now I've got a neat little missus, and a nice 'ome, goin' on *wunnerful* comfortable. Never a week passes but what I buy myself something. Last week it was a pair o' noo socks. Soon as the sun peeps out and the doo dries up, I'm orf to Yarmouth. And what's the reason? I've *enjoyed* myself there. My Uncle Bill, as lives at Lowestoft,

and keeps six fine 'orses and a light waggon, *he's* doin' wunnerful well, and he'd take me into partnership to-morrow, he would. But no—I'm 'appier as I am. What's the reason I kin go on torkin' to you like this night after night, without injury to my voice? Shall I tell yer? Because, every night o' my life, afore I go to bed, I take four o' these Wangoo Tablets—compounded o' the purest 'erbs. You take them to the nearest doctor's and arsk 'im to analyse an' test them as he *will*, and you 'ear what *he* says of them! Take one o' them tablets—after your pipe; after your cigaw; after your cigarette. You won't want no more drink, you'll find them make you come 'ome reglar every evening, and be able to buy a noo 'at every week. You've ony to persevere for a bit with these 'ere law-zengers to be like I am myself, doin' *wunnerful* well! You see this young feller 'ere? (*Indicating a sheepish head in a pot-hat, which is visible over the back of his stall.*) Born and bred in Kenada, 'e was. And quite *right*! Bin over 'ere six year, so, o' course he speaks the lengwidge. And *quite* right. Now I'm no Amerikin myself, but they're a wunnerful clever people, the Amerikins are, allays inventin' or suthink o' that there. And you're at liberty to go and arsk 'im for yourselves whether this is a real

Puppets at Large.

Amerikin invention or not—as he'll tell yer it *is*—and quite right, too! An' it stands to reason as *he* orter know, seein' he introdooed it 'imself and doin' wunnerful well with it ever since. I ain't come 'ere to *rob* yer. Lady come and give me a two-shillin' piece just now. I give it her back. *She* didn't know—thort it was a penny, till I told her. Well, that just shows you what these 'ere Wangoo 'Ore'ound Tablets *are*!

[After this practical illustration of their efficacy, he pauses for oratorical effect, and a hard-worked-looking matron purchases three packets, in the apparent hope that a similar halo of the best horehound will shortly irradiate the head of her household.]

LIZERANN (*to SUSAN JANE, as they walk homewards*). On'y fancy—the other evenin', as I was walkin' along this very pavement, a cab-'orse come up beyind me, unbeknown like, and put 'is 'ed over my shoulder and breathed right in my ear!

SUSAN JANE (*awestruck*). You *must* ha' bin a bad gell!

[LIZERANN is clearly disquieted by so mystical an interpretation, even while she denies having done anything deserving of a supernatural rebuke.]

THE "MODEL HUSBAND" CONTEST.



THE "MODEL HUSBAND" CONTEST.

Scene the First—At the GALAHAD-GREEN'S.

MRS. G.-G. Galahad!

MR. G.-G. (*meekly*). My love?

MRS. G.-G. I see that the proprietors of *All Sorts* are going to follow the American example, and offer a prize of £20 to the wife who makes out the best case for her husband as a Model. It's just as well, perhaps, that you should know that I've made up my mind to enter *you*!

MR. G.-G. (*gratified*). My dear Cornelia! really, I'd no idea you had such a——

MRS. G.-G. Nonsense! The drawing-room carpet is a perfect disgrace, and, as you can't, or won't, provide the money in any *other* way, why—— Would you like to hear what I've said about you?

MR. G.-G. Well, if you're sure it wouldn't be troubling you too much, I *should*, my dear.

MRS. G.-G. Then sit where I can see you, and listen. (*She reads.*) “Irreproachable in all that pertains to morality”—(and it would be a bad day indeed for you, Galahad, if I ever had cause to think *otherwise*!)—“morality; scrupulously dainty and neat in his person”—(ah, you may well blush, Galahad, but fortunately, they won’t want me to *produce* you!)—“he imports into our happy home the delicate refinement of a *preux chevalier* of the olden time.” (Will you kindly take your dirty boots off the steel fender!) “We rule our little kingdom with a joint and equal sway, to which jealousy and friction are alike unknown; he, considerate and indulgent to my womanly weakness”—(You need not stare at me in that perfectly idiotic fashion!)—“I, looking to him for the wise and tender support which has never yet been denied. The close and daily scrutiny of many years has discovered”—(What are you shaking like *that* for?)—“discovered no single weakness; no taint or flaw of character; no irritating trick of speech or habit.” (How often have I told you that I will *not* have the handle of that paper-knife sucked? Put it down; do!) “His conversation—sparkling but ever spiritual—renders our modest meals veritable feasts of fancy and flows of soul . . . *Well*, Galahad?

MR. G.-G. Nothing, my dear ; nothing. It struck me as, well,—a trifle *flowery*, that last passage, that's all !

MRS. G.-G. (*severely*). If I cannot expect to win the prize without descending to floweriness, whose fault is *that*, I should like to know? If you can't make sensible observations, you had better not speak at all. (*Continuing.*) “Over and over again, gathering me in his strong, loving arms, and pressing fervent kisses upon my forehead, he has cried, ‘Why am I not a Monarch that so I could place a diadem upon that brow? With such a Consort am I not doubly crowned?’” Have you anything to say to *that*, Galahad?

MR. G.-G. Only, my love, that I—I don't seem to remember having made that particular remark.

MRS. G.-G. Then make it *now*. I'm sure I wish to be as accurate as I *can*.

[MR. G.-G. *makes the remark—but without fervour.*

Scene the Second—At the MONARCH-JONES'.

MR. M.-J. Twenty quid would come in precious handy just now, after all I've dropped lately, and I mean to pouch that prize if I can—so just you sit down, Grizzle, and write out what I tell you ; do you hear ?

MRS. M.-J. (*timidly*). But, Monarch, dear, would that be quite *fair*? No, don't be angry, I didn't mean that—I'll write whatever you please!

MR. M.-J. You'd *better*, that's all! Are you ready? I must screw myself up another peg before I begin. (*He screws.*) Now, then. (*Stands over her and dictates.*) "To the polished urbanity of a perfect gentleman he unites the kindly charity of a true Christian." (Why the devil don't you learn to write decently, eh?) "Liberal, and even lavish, in all his dealings, he is yet a stern foe to every kind of excess"—(Hold on a bit, I must have another nip after that)—"every kind of excess. Our married life is one long dream of blissful contentment, in which each contends with the other in loving self-sacrifice." (Haven't you corked all that down *yet*!) "Such cares and anxieties as he has he conceals from me with scrupulous consideration as long as possible"—(Gad, I should be a fool if I *didn't*!)—"while I am ever sure of finding in him a patient and sympathetic listener to all my trifling worries and difficulties."—(*Two f's in difficulties*, you little fool—can't you even *spell*?) "Many a time, falling on his knees at my feet, he has rapturously exclaimed, his accents broken by manly emotion, 'Oh, that I were more worthy of such a

pearl among women! With such a helpmate, I am indeed to be envied!’” That *ought* to do the trick. If I don’t romp in after that!—(*Observing that MRS. M.-J.’s shoulders are convulsed.*) What the dooce are you giggling at *now*?

MRS. M.-J. I—I wasn’t giggling, Monarch dear, only——

MR. M.-J. Only *what*?

MRS. M.-J. Only crying!

The Sequel.

“The judges appointed by the spirited proprietors of *All Sorts* to decide the ‘Model Husband Contest’—which was established on lines similar to one recently inaugurated by one of our New York contemporaries—have now issued their award. Two competitors have sent in certificates which have been found equally deserving of the prize; viz., Mrs. Cornelia Galahad-Green, Graemair Villa, Peckham, and Mrs. Griselda Monarch-Jones, Aspen Lodge, Lordship Lane. The sum of twenty pounds will consequently be divided between these two ladies, to whom, with their respective spouses, we beg to tender our cordial felicitations.”—(*Extract from Daily Paper, some six months hence.*)

THE COURIER OF THE HAGUE.



THE COURIER OF THE HAGUE.

HE is an elderly amiable little Dutchman in a soft felt hat; his name is BOSCH, and he is taking me about. *Why* I engaged him I don't quite know—unless from a general sense of helplessness in Holland, and a craving for any kind of companionship. Now I have got him, I feel rather more helpless than ever—a sort of composite of SANDFORD and MERTON, with a didactic, but frequently incomprehensible Dutch BARLOW. My SANDFORD half would like to exhibit an intelligent curiosity, but is generally suppressed by MERTON, who has a morbid horror of useful information. Not that BOSCH is remarkably erudite, but nevertheless he contrives to reduce me to a state of imbecility, which I catch myself noting with a pained surprise. There is a statue in the Plein, and the SANDFORD element in me finds a satisfaction in recognising it aloud as William the Silent.

It is—but, as my MERTON part thinks, a fellow *would* be a fool if he didn't recognise William after a few hours in Holland—his images, in one form or another, are tolerably numerous. Still BOSCH is gratified. “Yass, dot is ole Volliam,” he says, approvingly, as to a precocious infant just beginning to take notice. “Lokeer,” he says, “you see dot Apoteek?” He indicates a chemist's shop opposite, with nothing remarkable about it externally, except a Turk's head with his tongue out over the door.

“Yes, I (speaking for SANDFORD and MERTON) see it—has it some historical interest—did Volliam get medicine there, or what?”

“Woll, dis mornin dare vas two sairvans dere, and de von cot two blaces out of de odder's haid, and afterwards he go opstairs and vas hang himself mit a pedbost.”

BOSCH evidently rather proud of this as illustrating the liveliness of The Hague.

“Was he mad?”

“Yass, he vas mard, mit a vife and seeks childrens.”

“No, but was he out of his senses?”

“I tink it was oud of Omsterdam he vas com,” says BOSCH.

“But how did it happen?”

“Wol-sare, de broprietor vas die, and leaf de successor de business, and he dells him in von mons he will go, begause he nod egsamin to be a Chimigal—so he do it, and dey dake him to de hosbital, and I tink *he* vas die too by now!” adds BOSCH, cheerfully.

Very sad affair evidently—but a little complicated. SANDFORD would like to get to the bottom of it, but MERTON convinced there is *no* bottom. So, between us, subject allowed to drop.

SANDFORD (now in the ascendant again) notices, as the clever boy, inscription on house-front, “Hier woonden Groen Van Prinsterer, 1838-76.”

“I suppose that means Van Prinsterer lived here, Bosch?”

“Yass, dot vas it.”

“And who was he?”

“He vas—wol, he vos a Member of de Barliaments.”

“Was he celebrated?”

“Celebrated? oh, yaas!”

“What did he *do*?” (I think MERTON gets this in.)

“Do?” says BOSCH, quite indignantly, “he nefer do *nodings*!”

BOSCH takes me into the Fishmarket, when he

directs my attention to a couple of very sooty live storks, who are pecking about at the refuse.

“Dose pirts are shtorks ; hier dey vas oblige to keep always two shtorks for de arms of de Haag. Vhen de yong shtorks porn, de old vons vas kill.”

SANDFORD shocked—MERTON sceptical.

“Keel dem? Oh, yaas, do anytings mit dem ven dey vas old,” says BOSCH, and adds:—“Ve haf de breference mit de shtorks, eh?”

What is he driving at?

“Yaas—ven *ve* vas old *ve* vas nod kill.”

This reminds BOSCH—BARLOW-like—of an anecdote.

“Dere vas a vrent to me,” he begins, “he com and say to me, ‘Bosch, I am god so shtout and my bark is so dick, I can go no more on my lacks—vat vas I do?’ To him I say, ‘Wol, I dell you vat I do mit you—I dake you at de booshair to be cot op ; I tink you vas make vary goot shdeak-meat !’”

Wonder whether this is a typical sample of BOSCH’s *badinage*.

“What did he say to that, Bosch?”

“Oh, he vas vair moch loff, a-course!” says BOSCH, with the natural complacency of a successful humorist.

We go into the Old Prison, and see some horrible

implements of torture, which seem to exhilarate BOSCH.

“Lokeer!” he says, “Dis vas a pinition” (BOSCH for “punishment”) “mit a can. Dey lie de man down and vasten his foots, and efery dime he vas shdrook mit de can, he jomp op and hit his vorehaid. . . . Hier dey lie down de beoples on de back, and pull dis shdring queeck, and all dese tings go roundt, and preak deir bones. Ven de pinition was feenish you vas det.” He shows where the Water-torture was practised. “Nottice ’ow de vater vas vork a ’ole in de tile,” he chuckles, “I tink de tile vas vary hardt det, eh?” Then he points out a pole with a spiked prong. “Tief-catcher—put ’em in de tief’s nack—and get ’im!” Before a grin-looking cauldron he halts appreciatively. “You know vat dat vas for?” he says. “Dat vas for de blode-foot; put ’em in dere, yaas, and light de vire onderneat.”

No idea what “*blode-foot*” may be, but from the relish in BOSCH’s tone, evidently something very unpleasant, so don’t press him for explanations. We go upstairs, and see some dark and very mouldy dungeons, which BOSCH is very anxious that I should enter. Make him go in *first*, for the surroundings seem to have excited his sense of

the humorous to such a degree, that he might be unable to resist locking me in, and leaving me, if I gave him a chance.

Outside at last, thank goodness! The Groote Kerk, according to BOSCH, "is not vort de see," so we don't see it. SANDFORD has a sneaking impression that I ought to go in, but MERTON glad to be let off. We go to see the pictures at the Mauritshuis instead. BOSCH exchanges greetings with the attendants in Dutch. "Got *another* of 'em in tow, you see—and collar-work, *I* can tell you!" would be a free translation, I suspect, of his remarks. Must say that, in a Picture-gallery, BOSCH is a superfluous luxury. He *does* take my ignorance just a trifle too much for granted. He *might* give me credit for knowing the story of Adam and Eve, at all events! "De Sairpan gif Eva de opple, an' Eva gif him to Adam," BOSCH carefully informs me, before a "*Paradise*," by Rubens and Brueghel.

This rouses my MERTON half to inquire what Adam did with it.

"Oh, *he* ead him too!" says BOSCH in perfect good faith.

I do wish, too, he wouldn't lead me up to Paul Potter's "*Bull*," and ask me enthusiastically if it isn't "real meat." I shouldn't mind it so much

if there were not several English people about, without couriers—but there *are*. My only revenge is (as MERTON) to carefully pick out the unsigned canvases and ask BOSCH who painted them; whereupon BOSCH endeavours furtively to make out the label on the frames, and then informs me in desperation, “it vas ‘*School*,’—yass, *he* baint him!” BOSCH kindly explains the subject of every picture in detail. He tells me a Droochsloot represents a “balsham pedder.” I suppose I look bewildered, for he adds—“oppen air tance mit a village.” “Hier dey vas haf a tisper; dis man say de ham vas more value as de cheese—dere is de cheese, and dere is de ham.” “Hier is an old man dot marry a yong vife, and two tevils com in, and de old man he ron away.” “Hier ‘he dress him in voman, and de vife is vrighten.” “Hier is Jan Steen himself as a medicine, and he veel de yong voman’s polse, and say dere is nodings de madder, and the modder ask him to trink a glass of vine.” “Hier is de beach at Skavening—now dey puild houses on de dunes—bot de beach is schdill dere.”

Such are BOSCH’s valuable and instructive comments, to which, as representing SANDFORD and MERTON, I listen with depressed docility. All the same, can’t help coming to the conclusion that Art is

not BOSCH's strong point. Shall come here again—alone. We go on to the Municipal Museum, where he shows me what *he* considers the treasures of the collection—a glass goblet, engraved “mit dails of tobaggo bipes,” and the pipes themselves; a painting of a rose, “mit ade beople's faces in de leafs;” and a drawing of “two pirts mit only von foots.”

Outside again. BOSCH shows me a house.

“Loker. In dot house leef an oldt lady all mit herself and ade sairvans. She com from Friesland, yassir.”

Really, I think BOSCH is going to be interesting—at last. There is a sly twinkle in his eye, denoting some story of a scandalous but infinitely humorous nature.

“Well, Bosch, go on—what about the old lady?” I ask eagerly, as MERTON.

“Wol, Sir,” says BOSCH, “she nefer go noveres.” . . .

That's *all*! “A devilish interesting story, *Sumph*, indeed!” to quote Mr. Wagg.

But, as BOSCH frequently reminds me, “It vas pedder, you see, as a schendlemans like you go apout mit me; I dell you tings dot vas not in de guide-books.” Which I am not in a position to deny.

FEELING THEIR WAY.



FEELING THEIR WAY.

(A STUDY IN THE ART OF GENTEEL CONVERSATION.)

The Drawing-room of a Margate Hotel. TIME—Evening. MRS. ARDLEIGH (of Balham), and MRS. ALLBUTT (of Brondesbury), are discovered in the midst of a conversation, in which each is anxious both to impress the other, and ascertain how far she is a person to be cultivated. At present, they have not got beyond the discovery of a common bond in Cookery.

MRS. ALLBUTT. You have the yolks of two eggs, I must tell you; squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it, and, when you boil the butter in the pan, make a paste of it with *dry* flour.

MRS. ARDLEIGH. It sounds delicious—but you never can trust a Cook to carry out instructions exactly.

MRS. ALL. I never *do*. Whenever I want to have anything specially nice for my husband, I make a point of seeing to it myself. He appreciates it. Now *some* men, if you cook for them, never notice whether it's you or the Cook. My husband *does*.

Puppets at Large.

MRS. ARD. I wonder how you find time to do it. I'm sure *I* should never——

MRS. ALL. Oh, it takes time, of course—but what does that matter when you've nothing to do? Did I mention just a small pinch of Cayenne pepper?—because that's a *great* improvement!

MRS. ARD. I tell you what I like Cayenne pepper with, better than anything—and that's eggs.

MRS. ALL. (*with elegant languor*). I hardly ever eat an egg. Oysters, now, I'm *very* fond of—*fried*, that is.

MRS. ARD. They're very nice done in the real shells. Or on scollops. We have silver—or rather—(*with a magnanimous impulse to tone down her splendour*), silver-plated ones.

MRS. ALL. How funny—so have we! (*Both women feel an increase of liking for one another.*) I like them cooked in milk, too.

[*The first barrier being satisfactorily passed, they proceed, as usual, to the subject of ailments.*]

MRS. ARD. My doctor *does* do me good, I must say—he never lets me get ill. He just sees your liver's all right, and then he feeds you up.

MRS. ALL. That's like *my* doctor; he always tells me, if he didn't keep on constantly building me up, I should go all to pieces in no time. That's how I

come to be here. I always run down at the end of every Season.

MRS. ARD. (*feeling that MRS. ALLBUTT can't be "anybody very particular" after all*). What—to Margate? Fancy! Don't you find you get tired of it? I should.

MRS. ALL. (*with dignity*). I didn't say I always went to Margate. On the contrary, I have never been here before, and shouldn't be here now, if my doctor hadn't told me it was my only chance.

MRS. ARD. (*reassured*). I only came down here on my little girl's account. One of those nasty croupy coughs, you know, and hoops with it. But she's almost well already. I will say it's a wonderful air. Still, the worst of Margate is, one isn't likely to meet a soul one knows!

MRS. ALL. Well, that's the charm of it—to me. One has enough of that during the Season.

MRS. ARD. (*recognising the superiority of this view*). Indeed one has. What a whirl it has been to be sure!

MRS. ALL. The Season? Why, I never remember one with so little doing. Most of the best houses closed—hardly a single really smart party—one or two weddings—and that's positively all!

MRS. ARD. (*slightly crushed, in spite of a conviction*

that—socially speaking—Balham has been rather more brilliant than usual this year). Yes, that's very true. I suppose the Elections have put a stop to most things?

MRS. ALL. There never was much going on. I should rather have said it was Marlborough House being shut up that made everything so dull from the first.

MRS. ARD. Ah, that *does* make such a difference, doesn't it? (*She feels she must make an effort to recover lost ground.*) I fully expected to be at Homburg this year.

MRS. ALL. Then you would have met Lady Neuraline Menthol. She *was* ordered there, I happen to know.

MRS. ARD. Really, you don't say so? Lady Neuraline! Well, that's the first *I've* heard of it. (*It is also the first time she has heard of her, but she trusts to be spared so humiliating an admission.*)

MRS. ALL. It's a fact, I can assure you. You know her, perhaps?

MRS. ARD. (*who would dearly like to say she does, if she only dared*). Well, I can hardly say I exactly *know* her. I *know of* her. I've met her about, and so on. (*She tells herself this is quite as likely to be true as not.*)



“Dear, dear! *not* a county family!”

MRS. ALL. (*who of course does not know Lady Neuraline either*). Ah, she is a most delightful person—requires *knowing*, don't you know.

MRS. ARD. So many in her position do, don't they? (*So far as she is concerned—they all do.*) You'd think it was haughtiness—but it's really only *manner*.

MRS. ALL. (*feeling that she can go ahead with safety now*). I have never found anything of *that sort* in Lady Neuraline myself (*which is perfectly true.*) She's rather odd and flighty, but *quite* a dear. By the way, *how* sad it is about those poor dear Chutneys—the Countess, don't you know!

MRS. ARD. Ah (*as if she knew all the rest of the family*), I don't know *her* at all.

MRS. ALL. Such a sweet woman—but the trouble she's had with her eldest boy, Lord Mango! He married quite beneath him, you know, some girl from the provinces—not a county-family girl even.

MRS. ARD. (*shocked*). Dear, dear! *not* a county family!

MRS. ALL. No; somebody quite common—I forget the name, but it was either Gherkin or Onion, or something of that sort. I was told they had been in Chili a good while. Poor Mango never had much taste, or he would never have got mixed up with

such a set. Anyway, he's got himself into a terrible pickle. I hear Capsicums is actually to be sold to pay his debts.

MRS. ARD. You don't say so! Capsicums! Gracious!

MRS. ALL. Yes, *isn't* it a pity! Such a lovely old place as it was, too—the most comfortable house to stay at in all England; so beautifully *warm*! But it's dreadful to think of how the aristocracy are taking to marry out of their own set. Look at the Duke of Dragnet—married a Miss Duckweed—goodness only knows where he picked her up! but he got entangled somehow, and now his people are trying to get rid of her. I see so many of these cases. Well, I'm afraid I must wish you good evening—it's my time for retiring. (*Patronisingly.*) I've quite enjoyed the conversation—such a pleasure in a place like this to come across a genial companion!

MRS. ARD. (*fluttered and flattered*). I'm sure you're exceedingly kind to say so, and I can say the same for myself. I hope we may become better acquainted. (*To herself, after MRS. ALLBUTT has departed.*) I've quite taken to that woman—she's so thoroughly the lady, and moves in very high society, too. You can tell that from the way she talks. What's that

paper on the table? (*She picks up a journal in a coloured wrapper.*) “*Society Snippets, the Organ of the Upper Ten. One Penny.*” The very thing I wanted. It’s such a comfort to know who’s who. (*She opens it and reads sundry paragraphs headed “Through the Keyhole.”*) Now how funny this is! Here’s the very same thing about the dulness of the Season that she said. That shows she must be really in it. And a note about Lady Neuraline being about to recruit at Homburg. And another about her reputation or eccentricity, and her “sweetness to the select few privileged to be her intimates.” And here’s all about Lord Mango, and what a pleasant house Capsicums is, and his marriage, and the Duke of Dragnet’s, too. Her information was very correct, I must say! (*A light begins to break in upon her.*) I wonder whether—but there—people of her sort wouldn’t require to read the papers for such things.

[*Here the door opens, and MRS. ALLBUTT appears, in some embarrassment.*

MRS. ALL. (*scrutinising the tables*). Oh, it’s nothing. I thought I’d left something of mine here; it was only a paper—I see I was mistaken, don’t trouble.

MRS. ARD. (*producing Society Snippets*). I expect it will be this. (*MRS. ALLBUTT’S face reveals her ownership.*) I took it up, not knowing it was yours.

(*Meaningly.*) It has some highly interesting information, I see.

MRS. ALL. (*slightly demoralised*). Oh, has it? I—I've not had time to glance at it yet. Pray don't let me deprive you of it. I dare say there's very little in it I don't know already.

MRS. ARD. So I should have thought. (*To herself, after MRS. ALLBUTT has retired in disorder.*) Fancy that woman trying to take me in like that, and no more in Society than I am—if so much! However, I've found her out before going too far—luckily. And I've a good mind to take in this *Society Snippets* myself—it certainly does improve one's conversation. She won't have it *all* her own way *next* time!

A TESTIMONIAL MANQUÉ.



A TESTIMONIAL MANQUÉ.

(A SKETCH FROM THE SUBURBS.)

THE ARGUMENT.—*Mr. Hotspur Porpentine, a distinguished resident in the rising suburb of Jerrymere, has recently been awarded fourteen days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for assaulting a ticket-collector, who had offered him the indignity of requiring him to show his season-ticket at the barrier. The scene is a Second-Class Compartment, in which four of Mr. Porpentine's neighbours are discussing the affair during their return from the City.*

MR. COCKCROFT (*warmly*). I say, Sir—and I'm sure all here will bear me out—that such a sentence was a scandalous abuse of justice. As a near neighbour, and an intimate friend of Porpentine's, I don't 'esitate to assert that he has done nothing whatever to forfeit our esteem. He's a quick-tempered man, as we're all aware, and to be asked by some meddlesome official to show his season, after travelling on the line constantly for years, and leaving it at home that morning—why—I don't blame him if he *did* use his umbrella!

MR. BALCH (*sympathetically*). Nor I. Porpentine's a man I've always had a very 'igh respect for ever since I came into this neighbourhood. I've always found him a good feller, and a good neighbour.

MR. FILKINS (*deferentially*). I can't claim to be as intimate with him as some here; but, if it isn't putting myself too far forward to say so, I very cordially beg to say ditto to those sentiments.

MR. SIBBERING (*who has never "taken to" Porpentine*). Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that.

MR. COCKER. Precisely, and it occurs to me that when he—ah—returns to public life, it would be a kind thing, and a graceful thing, and a thing he would—ah—appreciate in the spirit it was intended, if we were to present him with some little token of our sympathy and unabated esteem—what do you fellers think?

MR. FILK. A most excellent suggestion, if my friend here will allow me to say to. I, for one, shall be proud to contribute to so worthy an object.

MR. BALCH. I don't see why we shouldn't present him with an address—'ave it illuminated, and framed and glazed; sort of thing he could 'ang up and 'and down to his children after him as an *heirloom*, yi-know.



"Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that."

MR. SIBB. I don't like to throw cold water on any proposition, but if you want *my* opinion, I must say I see no necessity for making a public thing out of it in that way.

MR. COCKER. I'm with Sibbering there. The less fuss there is about it, the better Porpentine 'll be pleased. My idea is to give him something of daily use—a *useful* thing, yi-know.

MR. BALCH. Useful *or* ornamental. Why not his own portrait? There's many an artist who would do him in oils, and guarantee a likeness, frame included, for a five-pound note.

MR. SIBB. If it's to be like Porpentine, it certainly won't be *ornamental*, whatever else it is.

MR. FILK. It can't be denied that he is remarkably plain in the face. We'd better, as our friend Mr. Cockcroft here proposes, make it something of daily use—a good serviceable silk umbrella now—that's *always* appropriate.

MR. SIBB. To make up for the one he broke over the collector's head, eh?—that's *appropriate* enough!

MR. COCKER. No, no; you mean well, Filkins, but you must see yourself, on reflection, that there would be a certain want of—ah—good taste in giving him a thing like that under the circumstances. I should suggest something like a hatstand—a

handsome one, of course. I happen to know that he has nothing in the passage at present but a row of pegs.

MR. SIBB. I should have thought he'd been taken down enough pegs already.

MR. FILK. (*who resents the imputation upon his taste*). I can't say what the width of Mr. Porpentine's passage may be, never having been privileged with an invitation to pass the threshold, but unless it's wider than ours is, he couldn't get a hatstand in if he tried, and if my friend Cockcroft will excuse the remark, I see no sense—to say nothing of good taste, about which perhaps I mayn't be qualified to pass an opinion—in giving him an article he's got no room for.

MR. COCKCR. (*with warmth*). There's room enough in Porpentine's passage for a whole host of hatstands, if that's all, and I know what I'm speaking about. I've been in and out there often enough. I'm—ah—a regular tame cat in that house. But if you're against the 'atstand, I say no more—we'll waive it. How would it do if we gave him a nice comfortable easy-chair—something he could sit in of an evening, yi-know?

MR. SIBB. A touchy chap like Porpentine would be sure to fancy we thought he wanted something

soft after a hard bench and a plank bed—you can't go and give him *furniture*!

MR. COCKER. (*with dignity*). There's a way of doing all things. I wasn't proposing to go and chuck the chair *at* him—he's a sensitive feller in many respects, and he'd feel *that*, I grant you. He can't object to a little present of that sort just from four friends like ourselves.

MR. BALCH (*with a falling countenance*). Oh! I thought it was to be a general affair, limited to a small sum, so that all who liked could join in. I'd no notion you meant to keep it such a private matter as all that.

MR. FILK. Nor I. And, knowing Mr. Porpentine so slightly as I do, he might consider it presumption in me, making myself so prominent in the matter—or else I'm sure——

MR. COCKER. There's no occasion for anyone to be prominent, except myself. You leave it entirely in my 'ands. I'll have the chair taken up some evening to Porpentine's house on a 'andcart, and drop in, and just lead up to it carelessly, if you understand me, then go out and wheel the chair in, make him try it—and there you *are*.

MR. BALCH. There *you* are, right enough; but I don't see where *we* come in, exactly.

MR. FILK. If it's to be confined to just us four, I certingly think we ought *all* to be present at the presentation.

MR. COCKER. That would be just the very thing to put a man like Porpentine out—a crowd dropping in on him like that! I know his ways, and, seeing I'm providing the chair——

MR. BALCH (*relieved*). You are? That's different, of course; but I thought you said that we four——

MR. COCKER. I'm coming to that. As the prime mover, and a particular friend of Porpentine's, it's only right and fair I should bear the chief burden. There's an easy-chair I have at home that only wants re-covering to be as good as new, and all you fellers need do is to pay for 'aving it nicely done up in velvet, or what not, and we'll call it quits.

MR. BALCH. I daresay; but I like to know what I'm letting myself in for; and there's upholsterers who'll charge as much for doing up a chair as would furnish a room.

MR. FILK. I—I shouldn't feel justified, with my family, and, as, comparatively speaking, a recent resident, in going beyond a certain limit, and unless the estimate could be kep' down to a moderate sum, I really——

MR. SIEB. (*unmasking*). After all, you know, I

don't see why we should go to any expense over a stuck-up, cross-grained chap like Porpentine. It's well-known he hasn't a good word to say for us Jerrymere folks, and considers himself above the lot of us !

MR. BALCH and MR. FILK. I'm bound to say there's a good deal in what Sibbering says. Porpentine's never shown himself what *I* should call sociable.

MR. COCKER. I've never found him anything but pleasant myself, whatever he may be to others. I'm not denying he's an *exclusive* man, and a *fastidious* man, but he's been 'arshly treated, and *I* should have thought this was an occasion—if ever there was one—for putting any private feelings aside, and rallying round him to show our respect and sympathy. But of course if you're going to let petty jealousies of this sort get the better of you, and leave me to do the 'ole thing myself, *I've* no objection. I daresay he'll value it all the more coming from me.

MR. SIBB. Well, he *ought* to, after the shameful way he's spoken of you to a friend of mine in the City, who shall be nameless. You mayn't know, and if not, it's only right I should mention it, that he complained bitterly of having to change his regular train on your account, and said (I'm only

repeating his words, mind you), that Jerrymerc was entirely populated by bores, but you were the worst of the lot, and your jabber twice a day was more than he *could* stand. He mayn't have *meant* anything by it, but it was decidedly uncalled for.

MR. COCKCR. (*reddening*). I 'ope I'm above being affected by the opinion any man may express of my conversation—especially a cantankerous feller, who can't keep his temper under decent control. A feller who goes and breaks his umbrella over an unoffending official's 'ead like that, and gets, very properly, locked up for it! Jerrymerc society isn't good enough for him, it seems. He won't be troubled with much of it in future—I can assure him! Upon my word, now I come to think of it, I'm not sure he shouldn't be called upon for an explanation of how he came to be travelling without a ticket; it looks very much to me as if he'd been systematically defrauding the Company!

MR. FILK. Well, I didn't like to say so before; but that's been *my* view all along!

MR. BALCH. And mine.

MR. SIBB. Now perhaps you understand why we'd rather leave it to you to give him the arm-chair.

MR. COCKCR. I give a man an arm-chair for

bringing disgrace on the 'ole of Jerrymerc! I'd sooner break it up for firewood! Whoever it was that first started all this tomfoolery about a testimonial, I'm not going to 'ave *my* name associated with it, and if you'll take *my* advice, you'll drop it once and for all, for it's only making yourselves ridiculous!

[His companions, observing that he is in a somewhat excited condition, consider it advisable to change the subject.]



THE MODEL DEMOCRACY.



THE MODEL DEMOCRACY.

“ I THINK you left directions that you were to be thawed in 199— precisely ? ” said the stranger politely. “ Allow me to introduce myself—NUMBER SEVEN MILLION AND SIX. If you feel equal to the effort, and would care to see the vast improvements in our social condition since the close of the benighted Nineteenth Century, I shall be pleased to conduct you.”

MR. PUNCH then began to realise that he had had himself frozen by a patent process just a hundred years ago, and that he had returned to animation in time for the close of the marvellous Twentieth Century ; so he prepared, in much curiosity and excitement, to accompany his guide.

“ By the way,” observed the latter, “ you must not be annoyed if your—hem—habiliments, which we are unaccustomed to nowadays, should attract some attention.”

Singularly enough, MR. PUNCH had just begun to feel a certain embarrassment at the prospect of being seen in Piccadilly or Regent Street in the company of a person attired in grey cellular pyjamas, a drab blanket, and a glazed pot hat. However, on reaching the street, he found that every man he met was similarly clad, while his own costume—which, in his original century, would only have been remarkable for its unimpeachable taste—was, in this, the subject of universal and invidious comment.

“You’ll have your regulation pot hat and pyjamas served out to you in time!” said MR. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX encouragingly. “Then no one will say anything to you. In these days we resent anything that tends to confer an artificial distinction on any man. Surnames, for example, which occasionally suggested superiority of birth, have long been abolished, and official numbers substituted. You seem to be looking for something you do not see?” he added, noting a certain blankness and disappointment in MR. PUNCH’s expressive countenance.

“I was only wondering why I saw no signs of any new and marvellous inventions at present,” said MR. PUNCH. “I rather expected to see the air full of electric trains, manageable balloons, or coveys of citizens darting about on mechanical pinions.

But I see none, and even more people go on foot than in my own time."

"Inventions, I take it," was the reply, "only served to enrich the Capitalist, and save time or labour. Now we have no Capitalists and no riches, and no reason for hurrying anywhere, while it would be absurd and useless to lessen the amount of manual labour when, even as it is, there is scarcely enough to keep everyone employed for six hours a day."

"Why are all the women I see dressed exactly alike in navy-blue woollen frocks and coal-scuttle bonnets?" MR. PUNCH inquired presently. "Surely they can't *all* be members of the Sal——"

"A uniform costume was decreed by plebiscite some years ago," replied his mentor, promptly. "Any real equality amongst women was found hopeless so long as some were able to render themselves exceptionally attractive by a distinctive toilette."

"What!" exclaimed MR. PUNCH, "did all the pretty women consent to such a sacrifice?"

"They were in a very decided minority, even then," said MR. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX; "and it is not our way to think much of minorities. At present, owing no doubt to an enactment which penalised every pretty woman by compelling her to wear blue

goggles and a respirator, feminine beauty is practically extinct."

MR. PUNCH could not restrain a sigh. They were now entering a somewhat gloomy thoroughfare, between massive blocks of buildings, with large doors and innumerable small windows, which towered into the sky on either hand.

"I seem to miss the shop-fronts," he said aloud, "with their plate-glass, and all their glitter and luxury. What has become of them all?"

"Such necessities as the citizen requires," said his companion, "are procured at the Public Store-houses, which you see around you, by the simple method of presenting a ticket. The luxuries you refer to were only procurable by the rich, and nobody is rich now. If you will come with me, I will take you over one of the State Dwelling-houses, and show you one of the suites of rooms. Every citizen has a room; or, if married, a couple of rooms, exactly the same shape and size as those of his fellows. . . . Beautifully clean, you see!" he remarked, complacently, as he threw open one of the doors. "Neat whitewashed walls, plain deal furniture, nice holland blinds—what more can any reasonable citizen want in the way of comfort?"

"There used to be a celebrated poet in my time,"

said MR. PUNCH, with some hesitation, "who designed and sold very beautiful upholstery—tapestry, wall-papers, curtains, and so on. I fancy *he* held Socialistic views. But I see no trace of his work *here*."

"I think I know whom you refer to," was the reply. "The community would doubtless have been glad of his Company's services if they would only have contracted to supply every citizen with precisely the same pattern and quality of their manufactures at, say, a pork-pie a yard. But, for some reason, the firm could not see their way to it, and the industry declined; which is not to be regretted, for it certainly tended to foster individualism."

"It is curious," said MR. PUNCH, when they were outside again, "that I have not as yet seen a single policeman."

"Not at all curious. We *have* none. Crime simply proceeded from the galling sense of social inequality. Consequently, as soon as that was removed, Justice, with all its machinery, became an anachronism."

"I think," said MR. PUNCH, presently, "I should like to take a stroll in Hyde Park."

"That," said his guide, "has not been possible for at least fifty years. All the parks are now cut

up into three-acre allotments, where every able-bodied citizen does an hour's compulsory spade-work once a fortnight. A most admirable reform, as you will agree!"

"Capital!" gasped MR. PUNCH, with an anticipatory pain in his back. "Then I am curious to see what strides have been made by your modern painters. Could you take me to a picture-gallery?"

"There are *no* modern painters. It is perhaps a pity—but quite unavoidable. It was an obvious injustice that, when all citizens had to perform their share of more or less distasteful manual labour, there should be any one class that earned a living by work in which they took a positive pleasure. So that every artist had to do his six hours' stone-breaking or brick-making; or what not, as an antecedent condition of being permitted to paint at all, and naturally the State declined to provide him with paints and brushes at the expense of the community. A few artists persisted for a while, from sheer love of the thing; but as no picture fetched more than a pound of sausages, and the average price was a bowl of porridge, they found it expedient to turn to some more useful occupation. And it is undeniable that they contribute more to the resources of the commonwealth by wielding a trowel or a broom than by

messing about with brushes and paint. As a concession to hereditary instinct, however, their descendants are still set apart as State white-washers."

"And the drama?" MR. PUNCH inquired next. "How is *that* getting on? Has the New Dramatist made his appearance at last?"

"On the contrary, I am glad to say he has disappeared—let us hope for ever. For, the essence of Drama, as I understand, was Emotion—Passion, Jealousy, Marital and Parental relations, and so on. Now that marriages are the subject of State regulation, and extend only for a limited period, Passion, of course is obsolete; Jealousy, too, is recognised as merely Selfishness in disguise, and we have grown too altruistic to desire the exclusive possession of anything. While as the offspring of every union are removed at birth to a communal *crèche*, and brought up and educated by the State, there are no longer any opportunities for filial or parental affection."

"Then I presume Fiction is equally——?"

"Just so. Fiction depended on Contrast. When everybody is on precisely the same level, the novelist is, happily, unnecessary. What are you looking for *now*?"

"I was wondering if I could buy an evening paper anywhere," said MR. PUNCH, wistfully. "But perhaps Journalism is also——?"

"Of course. Everyone is so contentedly and peacefully absorbed in contributing his share of work to the State, that he has no desire to read about the doings of other persons, even if there was anything of interest to be told, which there isn't. We produce just sufficient for our own wants, so there is no commerce; we have no Army or Navy, since we don't desire to conquer, and are not worth conquering. No Politics, because we govern ourselves by our own consent and co-operation; no Science, as inventors only benefited capital at the expense of labour; and, this being so, what *is* there to put into a newspaper, if we had one?"

"Haven't you even a—a *humorous* paper?" said MR. PUNCH. "I used to do a little in that way once."

"You had better not do it *here*. Humour, I believe, consisted in representing Humanity under ridiculous aspects. We're Humanity, and we don't see any fun in being laughed at. None of your humour here, mind!"

"But the citizens have a certain amount of leisure, I suppose," said MR. PUNCH. "How *do* they amuse



“None of your humour here, mind!”

themselves? For I can discover no libraries, no circuses, nor concert-rooms, nor anything!"

"It was seen to be invidious to furnish any entertainment at the public expense which did not give equal amusement to all, and so the idea was gradually dropped. When our citizens have finished their daily task, they find their relaxation, in the intervals of eating and sleeping, in the harmless and soothing practice of chewing gum. They can all do *that*, and the State provides each with a weekly supply for the purpose. Now tell me—is there anything *more* I can do for you?"

"Yes," murmured MR. PUNCH; "if you would be so very kind as to freeze me again for five hundred years or so, I should be exceedingly obliged. I don't feel quite at home in *this* century!"

BY PARLIAMENTARY.



BY PARLIAMENTARY.

On the Platform.

A LADY OF FAMILY. Oh, yes, I do travel third-class sometimes, my dear. I consider it a duty to try to know something of the lower orders.

[Looks out for an empty third-class compartment.]

In the Carriage.—The seats are now occupied : the LADY OF FAMILY is in one corner, next to a CHATTY WOMAN with a basket, and opposite to an ECCENTRIC-LOOKING MAN with a flighty manner.

The ECCENTRIC MAN (*to the LADY OF FAMILY*). Sorry to disturb you, Mum, but you're a-setting on one o' my 'am sandwiches.

The L. OF F. ? ? ? ! ! !

The E. M. (*considerately*). Don't trouble yourself, Mum, it's of no intrinsic value. I on'y put it there to keep my seat.

The CHATTY W. (*to the L. OF F.*). I think I've seen you about Shinglebeach, 'ave I not?

The L. OF F. It is very possible. I have been staying with some friends in the neighbourhood.

The C. W. It's a nice cheerful place is Shinglebeach; but (*confidentially*) don't you think it's a very singler thing that in a place like that—a fash'nable place, too—there shouldn't be a single 'am an' beef shop?

The L. OF F. (*making a desperate effort to throw herself into the question*). What a very extraordinary thing to be sure. Dear, *dear* me! No ham and beef shop!

The C. W. It's so indeed, Mum; and what's more, as I daresay you have noticed for yourself, if you 'appen to want a snack o' fried fish ever so, there isn't a place you could go to—leastways, at a moment's notice. Now, 'ow do you explain such a thing as that?

The L. OF F. (*faintly*). I'm afraid I can't suggest any explanation.

A SENTENTIOUS MAN. Fried fish is very sustaining.

[*Relapses into silence for remainder of journey.*]

The ECCENTRIC MAN. Talking of sustaining, I remember, when we was kids, my father ud bring us

home two pennorth o' ches'nuts, and we 'ad 'em boiled, and they'd last us days. (*Sentimentally.*) He was a kind man, my father (*to the L. OF F., who bows constrainedly*), though you wouldn't ha' thought it, to look at him. I don't know, mind yer, that he wasn't fond of his bit o' booze—(*the L. OF F. looks out of window*)—like the best of us. I'm goin' up to prove his will now, I am—if you don't believe me, 'ere's the probate. (*Hands that document round for inspection.*) That's all reg'lar enough, I 'ope. (*To the L. OF F.*) Don't give it back before you've done with it—I'm in no 'urry, and there's good reading in it. (*Points out certain favourite passages with a very dirty forefinger.*) Begin there—that's my name.

[*The L. OF F. peruses the will with as great a show of interest as she can bring herself to assume.*]

THE ECCENTRIC MAN. D'ye see that big 'andsome building over there? That's the County Lunatic Asylum—where my poor wife is shut up. I went to see her last week, I did. (*Relates his visit in detail to the L. OF F., who listens unwillingly.*) It's wonderful how many of our family have been in that asylum from first to last. I 'ad a aunt who died cracky; and my old mother, she's very peculiar at times. There's days when I feel as if I was a little orf my own 'ed, so

if I say anything at all out of the way, you'll know what it is.

[L. OF F. changes carriages at the next station. In the second carriage are two Men of seafaring appearance, and a young Man who is parting from his FIANCÉE as the L. OF F. takes her seat.

The FIANCÉE. Excuse me one moment, Ma'am. (*Leans across the L. OF F. and out of the window.*) Well, good-bye, my girl; take care of yourself.

The FIANCÉE (*with a hysterical giggle*). Oh, I'll take care o' my self.

[*Looks at the roof of the carriage.*

HE (*with meaning*). No more pickled onions, eh?

SHE. What a one you are to remember things! (*After a pause.*) Give my love to Joe.

HE. All right. Well, Jenny, just one, for the last. (*They embrace loudly, after which the F. resumes his seat with an expression of mingled sentiment and complacency.*) Oh (*to L. OF F.*), if you don't mind my stepping across you again, Mum. Jenny, if you see Dick between this and Friday, just tell him as——

[*Prolonged whispers; sounds of renewed kisses; final parting as train starts with a jerk, which throws the FIANCÉE upon the L. OF F.'s lap. After the train is started a gleam of peculiar significance is observable in the eyes of one of the Seafaring*

Men, who is reclining in an easy attitude on the seat. His companion responds with a grin of intelligence, and produces a large black bottle from the rack. They drink, and hand the bottle to the FIANCÉ.

The F. Thankee, I don't mind if I do. Here's wishing you——

[Remainder of sentiment drowned in sound of glug-glug-glug ; is about to hand back bottle when the first SEAFARER intimates that he is to pass it on. The L. OF F. recoils in horror.

BOTH SEAFARERS. It's wine, Mum !

Tableau. The LADY OF FAMILY realises that the study of third-class humanity has its drawbacks.

THE FARMING OF THE FUTURE.



THE FARMING OF THE FUTURE;

OR, WHAT BRITISH AGRICULTURE IS COMING TO.

A Car on the Electric Light Railway. TIME.—Twentieth Century.

FIRST FARMER (*recognising Second Farmer*).
Why, 'tis Muster Fretwail, surelie! didn't see
it was you afore. And how be things gettin'
along with *you*, Sir, eh?

FARMER FRETWAIL (*lugubriously*). 'Mong the
middlin's, Muster Lackaday; 'mong the middlin's!
Nothen doin' just now—nothen 't all!

THIRD FARMER (*enviously*). Well, *you* hev'n't no
call fur to cry out, neighbour. I see you've got
a likely lot o' noo 'oardins comin' up all along your
part o' the line. I wish mine wur arf as furrard, I
know thet!

F. FRETWAIL. Ah, them "Keep yer 'air on"'s,
you mean, Ryemouth. I don't deny as they was
lookin' tidy enough a week back. But just as I was

makin' ready fur to paint up "Try it on a Billiard Ball," blamed if this yere frost didn't set in, and now theer's everything at a standstill, wi' the brushes froze 'ard in the pots!

F. RYEMOUTH. 'Tis the same down with me. Theer's a acre o' "Bunyan's Easy Boots" as must hev a noo coat, and I cann't get nothen done to 'en till the weather's a bit more hopen like. Don' keer 'ow soon we hev a change, myself, I don't!

F. LACKADAY. Nor yet me, so long as we don't 'ave no gales with it. Theer was my height acre pasture as I planted only las' Candlemas wi' "Roopy's Lung Tonics"—wunnerful fine and tall they was, too—and ivery one on 'en blowed down the next week!

F. FRETWAIL. Well I 'ope theer wun't be no rain, neither, come to that. I know I had all the P's of my "Piffler's Persuasive Pillules" fresh gold-leaved at Michaelmas, and it come on wet directly arter I done it, and reg'lar washed the gilt out o' sight an' knowledge, it did. Theer ain't no standin' up agen rain!

F. RYEMOUTH. I dunno as I wouldn't as lief hev rain as sun. My "Hanti-Freckle Salves" all blistered up and peeled afore the summer was 'ardly begun a'most.



"I can't get nothen done to 'en till the weather's a bit more hopen like."

F. LACKADAY. 'Tis a turr'ble hard climate to make 'ead against, is ourn. I've 'eard tell as some farmers are takin' to they enamelled hiron affairs, same as they used to hev when I wur a lad. I mind theer wur a crop o' "Read Comic Cagmag" as lingered on years arter the paper itself. Not as I hold with enamelling, myself—'tain't what I call 'igh farmin'—takes too much outer the land in *my* 'pinion.

F. FRETWAIL. Aye, aye. "Rotation o' boards." Say, "Spooner's Sulphur Syrup" fur a spring crop, follered with some kind o' soap or candles, and p'raps cough lozengers, or hembrocation, or bakin' powder, if the soil will bear it, arterwards—that's the system *I* wur reared on, and there ain't no better, 'pend upon it!

F. RYEMOUTH. I tell 'ee what 'tis; it's time we 'ad some protection agen these yere furrin advartisements. I was travellin' along the Great Northern t'other day, an' I see theer wos two or three o' them French boards nigh in ivery field, a downright shame and disgrace I call it, disfigurin' the look of the country and makin' it that ontidy—let alone drivin' honest British boards off the land. Government ought to put a stop to it; that's what *I* say!

F. LACKADAY. They Parliment chaps don't keer

what becomes of us poor farmers, they don't. Look at last General Election time. They might ha' given our boards a turn; but not they. Most o' they candidates did all their 'tisin' with rubbishy flags and balloons—made in Japan, Sir, every blamed one o' them! And they wonder British Agriculture don't prosper more!

F. RYEMOUTH. Speaking o' queer ways o' hadvertisin', hev any of ye set eyes on that farm o' young Fullacrank's? Danged if ever *I* see sech tomfool notions as he's took up with in all *my* born days.

F. FRETWAIL. Why, what hev he been up to *now*, eh?

F. RYEMOUTH. Well, I thought I shud ha' bust myself larfin' when I see it fust. Theer ain't not a board nor a sky sign; no, nor yet a 'oarding, on the 'ole of his land!

F. LACKADAY. Then how do he expect to get a profit out of it?—that's what *I* want to year.

F. RYEMOUTH. You'll 'ardly credit it, neighbours, but he's been buryin' some o' they furrin grains, hoats and barley, an' I dunno what not, in little holes about his fields, so as to make the words, "Use Faddler's Non-Farinaceous Food"—and the best of it is the darned young fool expecks as 'ow it'll all sprout come next Aperl—he do indeed, friends!

F. FRETWAIL. Flying in the face o' Providence, I calls it. He must ha' gone clean out of his senses!

F. LACKADAY. Stark starin' mad. I never heerd tell o' such extravagance. Why, as likely as not, 'twill all die off o' the land afore the year's out—and wheer wull he be *then*?

F. RYEMOUTH. Azactly what I said to 'en myself. "You tek my word for it," I sez, "'twun't never come to no good. The nateral crop for these yere British Hiles," I told 'en, "is good honest Henglish hoak an' canvas," I sez, "and 'tain't the action of no sensible man, nor yet no Christian," sez I, "to go a-drillin' 'oles and a-droppin' in houtlandish seeds from Canada an' Roosha, which the sile wasn't never intended to bear!"

FARMERS FRETWELL and LACKADAY. Rightly spoke, neighbour Ryemouth, 'twas a true word! But theer'll be a jedgment on sech new-fangled doin's, and, what's moor, you and I will live fur to see it afore we're very much older!

[They all shake their heads solemnly as scene closes in.]

A DIALOGUE ON ART.



A DIALOGUE ON ART.

(A STUDY IN SPIRITS AND WATERS.)

The Smoke-room of a Provincial Hotel. TIME—Towards, midnight. CHARACTERS—MR. LUCESLIPP-BLETHERON, a middle-aged Art Patron and Dilettante. He has arrived at his third tumbler of whiskey and water, and the stage at which a man alludes freely before strangers to his "poor dear father." MR. MILBOARD, a Painter, on a sketching tour. He is enduring MR. L.-B. with a patience which will last for just one more pipe. FIRST COMMERCIAL, who considers Mr. L.-B. a highly agreeable and well-informed gentleman, and is anxious to be included in his audience. SECOND COMMERCIAL, who doesn't intend to join in the conversation until he feels he can do so with crushing effect.

MR. LUCESLIPP-BLETHERON. Yes, I assure you, I never come across a David Cox but I say to myself, "*There'sh a Bit!*" (*Here he fixes his eye-glass, sips whiskey and water, and looks at MR. MILBOARD as if he expected him to express admiration at this evidence of penetration. The only tribute he extorts, however, is a grunt.*) Now, we've a

Cornelius Janssen at home. Itsh only hishtory is—my dear father bought it. He was an artist himself, painted a bit, travelled man, an' all that short o' thing. Well, *he* picked it up for ten pounds!

FIRST COMMERCIAL (*deferentially*). Did he reelly now? A Johnson for ten pounds! Did he get a warrant with it, Sir?

MR. L.-B. (*after bringing the eye-glass to bear on the intruder for a second*). Then I've a Mieris—at leasht, *shome* clever f'ler painted it, and it'sh a pleashure to look at it, and you can't get over *that*, can you?

MR. MILBOARD. I don't intend to *try* to get over it.

MR. L.-B. You're qui' right. Now I'm the lasht man in the world to shwagger; shtill, I'm goin' to ashk you to lemme have my lil' shwagger now. I happened to be at Rome shor' time ago, and I met Middleman there. We had our lil' chat together and what not—he'sh no pershonal friend o' mine. Well; I picked up a lil' drawing by a Roman chap; worth nothing more than what I got it for, or *anything*, as you may shay. Middleman had the whole run of this chap's studio. I saw this drawing—didn't care mush about it—but thought it wash a gem, and gave the modesh shum of a hundred an' fifty *live* for it. Put it in my portmanteau between a couple o' shirts——

FIRST COMM. (*still pining for notice*). When you say shirts, Sir, I presume you mean *clean* ones?

MR. L.-B. No man with the shlightest feelin' or reverence for Art would *put* sush a queshtion! (*The FIRST COMM. collapses.*) Between a couple of—(*underlining the word*) Shirts, and brought it home. Now I'm comin' to my point. One afternoon after my return, I wash walking down Bond Street, when I saw a sketch exhibited in a window by the shame fler. I went in and shaid, "What are you asking for thish? Mind I don' want'er *buy* it; ashk me any price yer like!" And they shaid forty guineash.

MR. MILB. Apparently they availed themselves of your permission, and *did* ask you any price they liked.

MR. L.-B. No doubt; but wait till I've *done*. I saw another—a finished drawing not qui' so good as mine, there. Then I shaid to them quietly, "Now, look *here*, why don' you go an' buy 'em for yourshelves in the artist's own shtudio?" It shtruck me as sho odd, a man like Middleman, being there, and having the pick, shouldn' buy *more* of 'em!

MR. MILB. Wasn't worth his while; he can't buy *everything*!

MR. L.-B. (*after considering this impartially with some more whiskey*). No; your ansher is a very good

one, and a very *fair* one. He *can't* buy everything. I *did* pick, however, an' I gorrit. I said to him, "How mush?" an' he tol' me, and there wash an end of it, do you shee?

MR. MILB. It's the ordinary course of business, isn't it?

MR. L.-B. Egshackly. But how few *do* it! Now, I'll tell you 'nother shtory 'bout my poo' dear father. He came 'pon a sculpture in a curioshty shop; it wash very dirty and used up, but my dear father saw it was worth shpotting, and a thing to *be* shpotted, and sho he put hish *finger* on it!

FIRST COMM. (*undaunted by past failure*). And was it antique, Sir?

MR. L.-B. That'sh more'n I can tell you; it wash very dirty, at any rate, and he only gave fifty guineash for it. Wasn't a *great* shum——

FIRST COMM. (*encouraged by his affability*). No, indeed; a mere nothing, so to speak, Sir!

MR. L.-B. (*annoyed*). Will you have the goodnesh to lemme finish what I was telling thish gentleman? When my poo' father got that busht home, it was the mos' perfect likenesh o' Napoleon!

MR. MILB. Ha! puts me in mind of the old story of the man who picked up a dingy panel somewhere or other, took it home, cleaned it, and found a



"They haven't the *patiensh* for it."

genuine Morland; went on cleaning and discovered an undoubted Rembrandt; cleaned *that*, and came to a Crivelli; couldn't stop, kept on cleaning, and was rewarded by a portrait of George the Fourth!

FIRST COMM. (*deeply impressed*). And all of them genuine? How *very* extraordinary, to be sure!

MR. L.-B. (*wagging his head sapiently*). I could tell you shtranger things than *that*. But as I was shaying, here was this busht of Napoleon, by some French chap—which *you* would tell me was *against* it.

MR. MILB. Why? The French are the best sculptors in the world.

MR. L.-B. The Frensh! I can *not* bring myshelf to believe that, if only for thish shimple reashon, they haven't the *patiensh* for it.

FIRST COMM. So *I* should have said. For my own part—not knowing much *about* it, very likely—I should have put the *Italians* first.

MR. MILB. If you are talking of all time——

FIRST COMM. (*feeling at last at his ease*). I should say, even *now*. Why, there was a piece of statuary in the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court some years back that took *my* fancy and took my *wife's* fancy very much. It was a representation in marble of a 'en and chickens, all so natural, and with every

individual feather on the birds done to such a nicety——!

MR. MILB. I was hardly referring to the skill with which the Italians carve—ah—*poultry*.

MR. L.-B. Ridic'lous! Great mishtake to talk without unnershtanding shubject. (*The FIRST COMMERCIAL retires from the room in disorder.*) One thing I should like to ashk is thish. Why are sculptors at present day so inferior to the antique? Ishn't the human form divine ash noble and ash shymmetrical ash formerly? Why can't they *reproduce* it then?

MR. MILB. You must first find your sculptor. Providence doesn't see fit to create a Michael Angelo or a Praxiteles every five minutes, any more than a Shakspeare.

MR. L.-B. (*wavering between piety and epigram*). Thank the Lord for *that*! Now there'sh Florensh. Shome of us who have had the *run* there—well, there you see all the original thingsh—all the *originalsh*. And yet, if you'll believe me (*dreamily*), with all my love and charm for Art, gimme the Capitoline Venush living and breathing in *flesh and blood*, Sir, not in cold lifelesh marble!

MR. MILB. That of course is a matter of taste. But we are talking about Art, not women.

MR. L.-B. (*profoundly*). Unforsh'nately, women

are the *shubjects* of Art. You've got to find out your client's *shtyle* of Art *firsht*, and then carry it out in the *besht* possible manner.

MR. MILB. (*rising, and knocking his pipe out*). Have I? But I'm going to bed now, so you'll excuse me.

MR. L.-B. (*detaining him*). But look here again. Take the Louvre. (*As MR. MILBOARD disclaims any desire to take it.*) Now, nobody talksh about the Gallery *there*, and yet, if you only egshemp the thingsh that are rude and vulgar, and go quietly roun'——

SECOND COMMERCIAL (*who sees a Socratic opening at last*). Might I ask you, Sir, to enumerate any pictures there, that, in your opinion, are "rude and vulgar"?

[MR. MILBOARD *avails himself of this diversion to escape.*]

MR. L.-B. In the Grand Gallery of the Louvre there'sh an enormous amount of *shtuff*, as everybody who'sh an *artisht* and a lover of Art knowsh. If I had a friend who wash thinking of going to the Louvre (*here he looks round vaguely for MR. MILBOARD*), I should shay to him, "Do you *care* about pictursh at all? If you *don't*, don't borry yourshelf 'bout it. If you *do*, drop in shome day with Me, and I'll give

Puppets at Large.

you a hint what to shée.” (*As he cannot make out what has become of MR. MILBOARD, he has to content himself with the SECOND COMMERCIAL.*) If you were my boy, I should shay to you——

SECOND COMM. (*at the door*). Pardon me for remarking that, if I was your boy, I should probably prefer to take my own opinion. (*With dignified independence.*) I never follow other persons’ taste in Art!

[*He goes out as the Smoke-room Page enters.*

MR. L.-B. (*hazily with half-closed eyes*). If you wash my boy, I should shay to you, very quietly, very sheriously, and without ’tempting to dictate—— (*Perceives that he is addressing the Page.*) Jus’ bring me ’nother glash whiskey an’ warrer.

[*He is left sitting.*

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.



THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

A CONTRAST.

The Stables at Saddlesprings, the Wheelers' Country House near Bykersall. MISS DIANA'S Horse BAYARD discovered in his Stall.

BAYARD (*talking to himself, as is the habit of some horses when alone*). I can't make it out. She's here. All the family came down yesterday—I heard the omnibus start for the station to meet them. And yet she hasn't sent for me; hasn't even been near me! She always used to rush in here and kiss me on the nose the very first—She's ill—that's it of course—sprained her fetlock or something. If she was well, she'd have had me saddled as soon as she'd had her morning feed, and we'd have gone for a canter together somewhere. . . . I hope she'll get well soon. I'm sick of being taken out by the stableman; he's so dull—no notion of conversation beyond whistling! Now, Miss Diana would talk to me the

whole way. . . . Perhaps her hands and seat might have been—— But what did *that* matter? I liked to feel she was on my back, I liked the sound of her pretty voice, and the touch of her hand when she patted me after her ride. . . . (*He pricks his ears.*) Why, that's her voice outside now! She's all right, after all. She's coming in to see me! . . . I *knew* she couldn't have forgotten!

MISS DIANA'S VOICE (*outside*). Yes, you might put it in here for the present, Stubbs. I suppose it will be quite safe?

STUBBS' VOICE. Safe enough, Miss, there's plenty o' empty stalls this side. Nothing *in* 'ere just now, except——

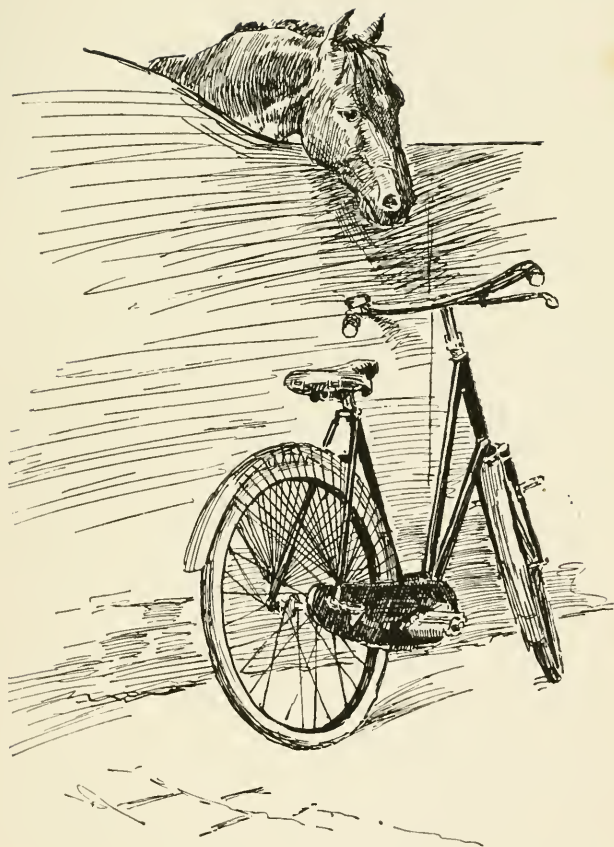
MISS D.'S VOICE. Very well, then. Just wipe some of the dust off the mud-guards, because I shall want it again after lunch. And mind you don't scratch the enamel taking it in.

STUBBS. Very good, Miss. I'll be keeful.

[MISS DIANA'S *steps die away upon the cobbles.*

BAYARD (*to himself*). She's gone—without even asking after me! What has she been out in—a bath chair? I'm sure she *must* be ill.

STUBBS (*to the Bicycle, as he wheels it in*). 'Ere, steady now, 'old up, can't ye? And keep that blarsted near pedal o' yourn off o' *my* enamel.



"It must be a sort of animal, I suppose."

Blest if I wouldn't rather rub down arf a dozen 'unters nor one o' them yere bloomin' bi-cycles. I know where I *am* with a 'orse; but these 'ere little, twisty, spidery wheels—— Come *over*, will ye. I'll lean ye up agen 'ere till I've 'ad my dinner.

[*He places the machine against a partition next to BAYARD'S stall, and goes out.*]

BAYARD (*to himself, as he inspects his neighbour with the corner of his eye*). It's *not* a bath-chair; it's one of these bicycles. It must be a sort of animal, I suppose, or Stubbs wouldn't have spoken to it. I should like to ask it one or two questions. (*He gets his neck over the partition, and breathes gently through his nostrils upon the handle-bars.*) Excuse me, but do you understand horse-language at all?

The BICYCLE (*answering by a succession of saddle-creaks*). Perfectly. I'm a kind of horse myself, I believe, only greatly *improved*, of course. Would you mind not breathing on my handle-bars like that? it tarnishes the plating so. The saddle is the seat of my intelligence, if you will kindly address your remarks here.

BAYARD. I beg your pardon. I will in future. I don't creak myself, but I've been closely connected with saddles ever since I was a two-year-old, so I can

follow you fairly well. Didn't I hear my mistress's voice outside just now?

THE BICYCLE. No; *my* mistress's, Miss Diana's. I'd just taken her out for a short spin—not far, only fifteen miles or so.

BAYARD. Then, she—she's quite well?

THE BICYCLE. Thanks, she's pedalling pretty strong just now. I'm going out with her again this afternoon.

BAYARD. Again! You will have had a hard day of it altogether, then. But I suppose you'll get a day or two's rest afterwards? I know *I* should want it.

THE BICYCLE. Bless you, *I* never want rest. Why, I've been forty miles with her, and come home without clanking a link! *She* was knocked up, if you like—couldn't go out for days!

BAYARD. Ah, she was never knocked up after riding *me*!

THE BICYCLE. Because—it's no fault of yours, of course, but the way you've been constructed—you couldn't go far enough to knock *anybody* up. And she doesn't get tired now, either. I'm not the kind of bicycle to boast; but I've often heard her say that she much prefers her "bike" (she always calls me her "bike"—very nice and friendly of her, isn't it?) to any mere *horse*.

BAYARD. To any mere horse ! And does she—give any reasons ?

THE BICYCLE. Lots. For one thing, she says she feels so absolutely safe on me ; she knows that, whatever she meets, I shall never start, or shy, or rear, or anything of that sort.

BAYARD. I don't remember playing any of those tricks with her, however hard she pulled the curb.

THE BICYCLE. Then she says she never has to consider whether any distance will be too much for me.

BAYARD. As for *that*—— But the longer I was out with her, the better I was pleased ; she might have brought me home as lame as a tree all round, and *I* shouldn't have cared !

THE BICYCLE. Perhaps not. But *she* would ; so inconvenient, you see. Now *my* strong point is, I *can't* go lame—in good hands, of course, and she knows exactly how to manage me, I will say that for her !

BAYARD. Does she give you carrots or sugar after a ride ? she did *me*.

THE BICYCLE (*with a creak of contempt*). Now what *do* you suppose I could do with sugar or a carrot if I had it ? No, a drop or two of oil now and then is all I take in the way of sustenance. That's *another*

point in my favour, I cost little or nothing to keep. Now, your oats and hay and stuff, I daresay, cost more in a year than I'm worth altogether !

BAYARD. I must admit that you have the advantage of me in cheapness. If I thought she grudged me my oats—— But I'm afraid I couldn't manage on a drop or two of oil.

The BICYCLE. You'd want buckets of it to oil *your* bearings. No, she wouldn't save by that ! (STUBBS *re-enters*.) Ah, here comes my man. I must be going ; got to take her over to Pineborough, rather a bore this dusty weather, but when a lady's in the case, eh ?

BAYARD. There's a nasty hill going into Pineborough ; do be careful how you take her down it !

The BICYCLE. You forget, my friend, I'm not a Boneshaker, I'm a Safety. Why, she'll just put her feet up on the rests, fold her arms, and leave the rest to me. She knows *I* can be trusted.

BAYARD. Just tell me this before you go. Does—she doesn't pat you, or kiss you on your—er—handle-bar after a run, does she ?

The BICYCLE (*turning its front wheel to reply, as STUBBS wheels it out*). You don't imagine I should stand any sentimental rot of that sort, do you ? She knows better than to try it on !

BAYARD (*to himself*). I'm glad she doesn't kiss it. I don't think I *could* have stood that!

Same Scene. Some Hours Later.

STUBBS (*enters, carrying a dilapidated machine with crumpled handles, a twisted saddle, and a front wheel distorted into an irregular pentagon*). Well, I 'ope as 'ow this'll sarve as a lesson to 'er, I dew; a marcy she ain't broke her blessed little neck! (*To the Bicycle.*) No need to be hover and above purtickler 'bout scratchin' your enamel *now*, any'ow! (*He pitches it into a corner, and goes.*)

BAYARD (*after reconnoitring*). You don't mean to say it's *you*!

The BICYCLE. Me? of course it's me! A nice mess I'm in, too, entirely owing to her carelessness. Never put the brake on down that infernal hill, lost all control over me, and here I am, a wreck, Sir! Why, I had to be driven home, by a grinning groom, in a beastly dog-cart! Pleasant that!

BAYARD. But she—Miss Diana—was she hurt? Not—not *seriously*, eh?

The BICYCLE. Oh, of course you don't care what becomes of *me* so long as—— *She's* all right enough—fell in a ditch, luckily for her, *I* came down on a heap of stones. It'll be weeks before I'm out of the repairer's hands.

Puppets at Large.

BAYARD (*to himself*). I *oughtn't* to be glad ; but I am—I *am* ! She's safe, and—and she'll come back to me after this ! (*To the Bicycle.*) Wasn't she sorry for you ?

The BICYCLE. Not she ! These women have no feeling in them. Why, what do you suppose she said when they told me it would take weeks to tinker me up ?

BAYARD (*to himself—with joy*). I think I can guess ! (*To the Bicycle.*) What *did* she say ?

The BICYCLE (*rattling with indignation*). Why, all *she* said was : “ How tiresome ! I wonder if I can hire a decent bike here without having to send to town for one.” There's gratitude for you ! But *you* can't enter into my feelings about it.

BAYARD. Pardon me—I fancy I can. And, after all, your day will come, when the Vet has set you up again. *Mine's* over for ever. (*To himself.*) Oh, why, *why* wasn't I born a bicycle !

A DOLL'S DIARY.



A DOLL'S DIARY.

JANUARY 1.—Just had a brilliant idea—*quite* original. I don't believe even any human person ever *thought* of such a thing, but then,—besides being extremely beautiful and expensive, with refined wax features and golden hair—I am a very clever doll indeed. Frivolous, no doubt; heartless, so they tell me—but the very reverse of a *fool*. I flatter myself that if *anybody* understands the nature of toys, especially *male* toys—but I am forgetting my idea—which is this. I am going this year to write down—the little girl I belong to has no idea I can write, but I *can*—and better than *she* does, too!—to write down every event of importance that happens, *with the dates*. There! I fancy *that* is original enough. It will be a valuable dollian document when it is done, and *most* interesting to look back upon. Now I must wait for something to happen.

January 6.—Went to Small Dance given by the

Only Other Wax Doll (a dreadful old frump !) on the Nursery Hearthrug. Room rather nicely illuminated by coloured fire from grate, and a pyramid nightlight, but floor poor. Didn't think much of the music—a fur monkey at the Digitorium, and a woolly lamb who brought his own bellows, make *rather* a feeble orchestra. Still, on the whole, enjoyed myself. Much admired. Several young Ninepins, who are considered stuck-up, and keep a good deal to their own set, begged to be introduced. Sat out one dance with a Dice-box, who rattled away most amusingly. I understand he is quite an authority on games, and anything that falls from his mouth is received with respect. He is a great sporting character, too, and arranges all the meetings on the Nursery Race-course, besides being much interested in Backgammon. I *do* like a Toy to have *manly* tastes !

The Captain of a Wooden Marching Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood was there in full uniform, but not dancing. Told me they *didn't* in his regiment. As his legs are made in one piece and glued on to a yellow stand, inclined to think this was not mere military swagger. He seemed considerably struck with me. Made an impression, too, on a rather elderly India-rubber Ball. Snubbed him, as

one of the Ninepins told me he was considered "a bit of a bounder."

Some of the Composition Dolls, I could see, were perfectly *stiff* with spite and envy. Spent a very pleasant evening, not getting back to my drawer till daylight. Too tired to write more.

Mem.—Not to sit out behind the coal-scuttle another time!

February 14.—Amount of attention I receive really quite embarrassing. The Ninepins are too *absurdly* devoted. One of them (the nicest of all) told me to-day he had never been so completely bowled over in his whole existence! I manage to play them off against each other, however. The India-rubber Ball, too, is at my feet—and, naturally, I spurn him, but he is so short-winded that nothing will induce him to rise. Though naturally of an elastic temperament, he has been a good deal cast down of late. I smile on him occasionally—just to keep the Ball rolling; but it is becoming a frightful bore.

March.—Have been presented with a charming pony-carriage, with two piebald ponies that go by clock work. I wish, though, I was not expected to share it with a *live kitten*! The kitten has no idea of repose, and spoils the effect of the turn-out. Try not to seem aware of it—even when it claws my

frock. Rather interested in a young Skipjack, whom I see occasionally; he is quite good-looking, in a common sort of way. I talk to him now and then—it is something to do; and he is a new type, so different from the Ninepins!

April 1.—Have just heard the Skipjack is engaged to a plaster Dairy-maid. A little annoyed, because he really seemed—— Have been to see his *fiancée*, a common-place creature, with red cheeks, and a thick waist. Congratulate the Skipjack, with just a *hint* that he might have looked higher. Afraid that he misunderstood me, for he absolutely jumped.

April 7.—The Skipjack tells me he has *broken off his engagement*; he seems to think I shall guess the reason—but I don't, of *course*. Then he actually has the impertinence to (I can scarcely pen the words for indignation) to *propose*—to Me! I inform him, in the most *unmistakable* terms, that he has presumed on my good-nature, and that there are social barriers between us, which no Skipjack can ever surmount. He leaves me abruptly, after declaring that I have broken the spring of his existence.

April 8.—Much shocked and annoyed. The Skipjack found quite stiff and colourless this morning, in the water-jug! Must have jumped in last night. So *very* rash and silly of him! Am sure I gave him no

encouragement—or *next* to none. Hear that the Dairy-maid has gone off her head. Of course it will be put down to *grief*; but we all know how easily plaster heads get cracked. Feel really distressed about it all, for the blame is sure to fall on *me*. Those Composition Dolls will make a fine scandal out of it!

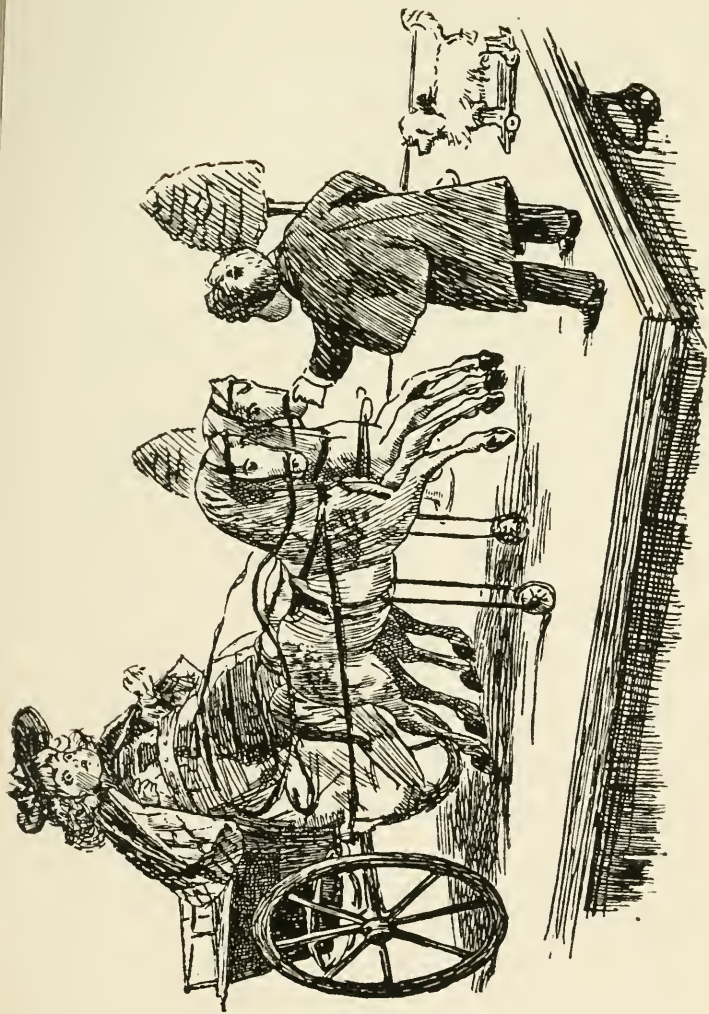
May.—The Ninepins are getting very difficult to manage; have to put them down as delicately as possible; but I am afraid, poor fellows, they are dreadfully upset. The Wooden Captain has challenged the Dice-box to a duel—I fear, on *my* account. However, as the officer's sword will not unglue, I *hope* nothing will come of it. All this *most* worrying, though, and gives me little *real* satisfaction. I find myself sighing for more *difficult* conquests.

June.—Went to afternoon tea with the biggest Dutch Doll. Rather a come-down, but now that there is this coolness between the Composition set and myself, I must go *somewhere*. I feel *so* bored at times! Can see the ridiculous Dutch thing is trying to *out-dress* me! She had a frock on that *must* have cost at *least* fifty beads, and I don't believe it will *ever* be paid for! Only made her look the bigger guy, though! Tea-party a stupid affair. Make-believe tea in pewter cups. Met the latest arrival, a really

nice-looking Gentleman Doll, introduced as "Mr. Joseph." Very innocent face, without any moustache, and the sweetest blue eyes (except mine) I think I *ever* saw! Seemed rather shy, but pleasant. Asked him to call.

June 18.—Mr. Joseph has not called *yet*. Very strange! Suspect those horrid Composition Dolls have been setting him against me. Met him by the back-board and scolded him. He seemed confused. By a little management, I got it all out of him. I was right. He *has* been told about the Skipjack. He has strict principles, and gave me to understand that he would prefer to decline my acquaintance—which was *like his impudence!* This is exciting, though. I intend to overcome these scruples; I mean him to be madly in love with me—then I shall scornfully reject him, which will serve him just *right!*

July.—My tactics have succeeded—at last! To-day Joseph called, *ostensibly* to beg me to go and see the unhappy Ball, who, it seems, is terribly collapsed, reduced to a *mere bowl*, and so exhausted that he cannot hold out much longer. However, in the course of the interview, I soon made him oblivious of the Ball. He fell at my feet. "Beautiful Gloriana," he cried, "with all your many and



"I see *him* standing, on the very brink of the precipice."

glaring faults, I love you!" Then I carried out the *rest* of my programme—it was a painful scene, and I will only record that when he left me, he was completely *un-dolled*! I feel almost sorry for him—he had rather a nice face!

July 4.—I don't seem able to settle to anything. After all, I think I will go and see the poor Ball. It would comfort him, and I might see *him* there. I will order the pony-carriage.

* * * * *

August.—What has happened to me? Where have I been all this time? Let me collect myself, and see how much I remember. My last clear recollection is of being in my carriage on my way to receive the departing Ball's last sigh. . . . Something has started the clockwork. My ponies are bolting, and I haven't the *slightest* control over them! We are rushing along the smooth plain of the chest of drawers, and rapidly nearing the edge. I try to scream for help, but all I can utter is, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" All at once I see *him* standing, calm and collected, on the very brink of the precipice. Is he strong enough to stop the ponies in their mad clockwork career, and save me, *even yet*? How I will love him if he does! An instant of sickening suspense . . . we are *over*!—falling down, down,

down. . . . A crash, a whirr of clockwork, a rush of bran to my head—and I know no more. What follows is a dream—a horrible, confused nightmare—of lying among a heap of limp bodies—some armless, some legless, others (ah! the horror of it) *headless*! I grope blindly for my own limbs—they are intact; then I feel the place where I naturally expect to find my head—it is *gone*! . . . The shock is too much—I faint once more. And that is all.

Thank goodness, it was only a dream—for here I am, in the same old nursery again! Not *all* a dream, either—or my pony-carriage would scarcely present such a damaged appearance. The *accident* was real. Then what—*what* has become of Joseph? I *must* find him—I must make him understand that I repent—that, for the future, I intend to be a changed doll!

September.—Still searching for Joseph. No trace of him. I seem to be a changed doll in more ways than one. My former set knows me not. The Nine-pins do not stagger when I smile at them now; the Dice-box gapes open-mouthed at my greeting. I call upon the Composition Dolls—they are very polite; but it is quite clear that they don't remember me in the least! Alas! how soon one is forgotten in the world of Toys! Have no heart to recall

myself to them. I go, for the first time since my accident, to a convenient brass knob, in which I would once gaze at my reflected features by the hour. How indescribable are my sensations at the discovery that I have a *totally new head*—a china one! I, who used to look down on china dolls! It is a very decent head, in its way; quite neat and inoffensive, with smooth, shiny hair, which won't come down like the golden locks I *once* had. I am glad—yes, *glad* now—that Joseph has gone, and the home he used to occupy is deserted, and shut up. If he were here, *he* would not know me either. Now I can live single all my remaining days, in memory of him, and devote myself to doing good!

October.—Have entered on my new career. Am organising a Mission for Lost Toys, and a Clothing Club for Rag Dolls. To-day, while “slumming” in the lumber-closet, found my old acquaintance, the Dutch Doll in a *shocking* state of destitution—nothing on her but a piece of *tattered tissue-paper*! To think that my evil example and her own *senseless extravagance* have brought her to *this*! Gave her one of my old tea-gowns and a Sunday domino, but did not reveal myself. Feeling very sad and lonely: think I shall have to keep a mouse—I must have *something* to love me!

October 15.—Someone has taken poor dear Joseph's old house. I see a new doll, with a small but worldly black moustache and a very bad countenance, watching me as I pass the windows. Shall call and leave a scripture brick. It may do him good.

October 16.—Have called. . . . *Never* heard worse language from the lips of *any* doll! Came across my old admirer, the Ball, who is better, though still what I have heard the nursery governess describe as an "*oblate spheroid*." Of course, he did not recognise me.

December.—Have seen a good deal of the Doll with the worldly moustache lately. From certain symptoms, do not despair of reforming him—ultimately. He seems softening. Yesterday he told me he did not think he should live long. Yet he has a splendid constitution—the best porcelain. He is dreadfully cynical—seems so reckless about everything. If I could only reclaim him—for Joseph's sake!

This afternoon I saw the yellow stand which the Wooden Captain used to occupy. What memories it recalled, ah me! Can he have disgraced himself and been "broke"? And am *I* responsible?

Christmas Eve.—Am sitting in my corner, my mouse curled comfortably at my feet, when the

Walking Postman comes up with a letter—for *me* ! It is from the Wicked Doll ! He is very ill—*dying*, he thinks—and wishes to see me. How well I remember that *other* message which Joseph—but Joseph is taken, and the Ball still bounds ! Well, I will go. It will be something to tell my Diary.

* * * * *

Christmas Day.—Something *indeed* ! How shall I begin my wondrous *incredible* tale ? I reached the Doll's House, which looked gloomier and more deserted than ever, with the sullen glow of the dying fire reflected redly in its windows. The green door stood open—I went in. “Ha, ha ! *trapped* !” cried a sneering voice behind me. It was the Wicked Doll ! His letter was a *ruse*—he was as well as I was—and I—I was shut up there in that lonely house, entirely at his mercy ! . . . It was a frightful position for any doll to be placed in ; and yet, looking back on it now, I don't think I minded it so *very* much.

“Listen !” he said, in response to my agonized entreaties. “Long, long ago, when I was young and innocent, a beautiful but heartless being bewitched me, kid and bran ! I told my love—she mocked at me. Since then I have sworn, though she has escaped me, to avenge myself by sacrificing the life

of the first doll I could entice into my power. *You* are that doll. You must die!" . . . "I am quite prepared," I told him—"do your worst!" which seemed to confuse him very much. "I will," he said, "presently—presently; there is no hurry. You see," he explained, in a tone almost of apology, "in endeavouring to save her life (it was my last good action) I got my head smashed, and received the substitute I now wear, which, as you will observe, is that of an unmitigated villain. And it's no use having a head like that if you don't live *up* to it—is it, now? So—as I think I observed before—prepare for the worst!" "Don't talk about it any more—*do* it!" I said, and I breathed Joseph's name softly. But the Wicked Doll did nothing at all. I began to feel safer—it was so obvious that he hadn't the faintest notion *what* to do. "She treated me abominably," he said feebly; "*any* doll would have been annoyed at the heartless way in which Gloriana——"

I could contain my feelings no longer.

"Joseph!" I gasped (I had lost all fear of him), "you ridiculous old goose, don't you *know* me? *I* am Gloriana, and I have found you at last!" And with that I flung myself into his arms, and told him everything. I think he was more relieved than

anything. "So *you* are Gloriana!" he said. "It's dreadfully bewildering; but, to tell you the honest truth, I can't keep up this villainy business any longer. I haven't been brought up to it, and I don't understand how it's done. So I tell you what we'll do. If you'll leave off living up to *your* new head, I won't try to live up to *mine*!" And so we settled it.

Postscript. December 31.—We are to be married to-morrow. The Dutch Doll is to be my bridesmaid, and the Wooden Captain (who was only away on sick leave, after all) is coming up to be best man. I have seen the poor old Ball, and told him there will always be a corner for him in our new home. I am very, *very* happy. To think that Joseph should still care for his poor Gloriana, altered and homely as her once lovely features have now become! But Joseph (who is leaning over my shoulder and reading every word I write) stops me here to assure me that I am lovelier than ever in *his* eyes. And really—I don't know—perhaps I *am*. And in *other* persons' eyes, too, if it comes to that. I certainly don't intend to give up society just because I happen to be *married*!

ELEVATING THE MASSES.



ELEVATING THE MASSES.

(A PURELY IMAGINARY SKETCH.)

ARGUMENT—MRS. FLITTERMOUSE, *having got up a party to assist her in giving an Entertainment at the East End, has called a meeting for the purpose of settling the items in the programme.*

MRS. FLITTERMOUSE'S *Drawing-room in Park Lane. Everybody discovered drinking tea, and chatting on matters totally unconnected with Philanthropy.*

MRS. FLITTERMOUSE (*imploringly*). Now, please, everybody, *do* attend! It's quite impossible to settle anything while you're all talking about something else. (*Apologies, protests, constrained silence.*) Selina, dear, what do you think it would be best to begin with?

THE DOWAGER LADY DAMPIER. My dear Fritilla, I have no suggestion to offer. You know my opinion about the whole thing. The people don't want to be elevated, and—if they did—entertaining them is not

Puppets at Large.

the proper means to set about it. But I don't wish to discourage you.

MRS. FLITT. Oh, but I think we could do so *much* to give them a taste for more rational and refined amusements, poor things, to wean them from the coarse pleasures which are all they have at present. Only we must really decide what each of us is going to do.

MRS. PERSE-WEAVER. A violin solo is always popular. And my daughter Cecilia will be delighted to play for you. She has been taught by the best——

CECILIA. Oh, Mother, I couldn't, really! I've never played in public. I *know* I should break down!

LADY DAMP. In that case, my dear, it would be certainly unwise on your part to attempt it.

MRS. P.-W. Nonsense, Cecilia, nonsense. You *won't* break down, and it wouldn't matter in the least if you did. *They* wouldn't notice anything. And it will be such excellent practice for you to get accustomed to a platform, too. Of *course* she will play for you, dear Mrs. Flittermouse!

MRS. FLITT. It will be *so* good of you, Miss Weaver. And it won't be like playing to a *real* audience, you know—poor people are so easily pleased, poor dears. Then I will put that down to begin with.

(*She makes a note.*) Now we must have something quite different for the next—a reading or something.

LADY HONOR HYNDLEGGs. A—nothin' *humorous*, I hope. I do think we ought to avoid anythin' like descendin' to their level, don't you know.

MR. LOVEGROOVE. Might try something out of *Pickwick*. "*Bob Sawyer's Party*," you know. Can't go far wrong with anything out of Dickens.

MISS DIOVA ROSE. Can't endure him myself. All his characters are so fearfully common; still—(*tolerantly*) I daresay it might amuse—a—that class of persons.

MRS. FLITT. I must say I agree with Lady Honor. We should try and aim as high as possible—and well, I think *not* Dickens, dear Mr. Lovegroove. *Tennyson* might do perhaps; he's written some charmin' pieces.

MR. LOVEGR. Well, fact is, I don't go in for poetry much myself. But I'll read anythin' of his you think I'm equal to.

MRS. FLITT. Why—a—really, it's so long since I—and I'm afraid I haven't one of his poems in the house. I suppose they are down at Barn-end. But I could send to Cutt and Hawthorn's. I daresay *they* would have a copy somewhere.

MISS SIBSON-GABLER. Surely Tennyson is rather

—a—retrograde? Why not read them something to set them *thinking*? It would be an interesting experiment to try the effect of that marvellous Last Scene in the *Doll's House*. I'd love to read it. It would be like a breath of fresh air to them!

MRS. P.-W. Oh, I've seen that at the Langham Hall. You remember, Cecilia, my taking you there? And Corney Grain played *Noah*. To be sure—we were *quite* amused by it all.

MISS S.-G. (*coldly*). This is *not* amusing—it's a play of Ibsen's.

MRS. FLITT. Is that the man who wrote the piece at the Criterion—what is it, *The Toy Shop*? Wyndham acted in it.

LADY DAMP. No, no; Ibsen is the person there's been all this fuss about in the papers—he goes in for unconventionality and all that. I may be wrong, but I think it is *such* a mistake to have anything unconventional in an Entertainment for the People.

MRS. FLITT. But if he's being *talked* about, dear Lady Dampier, people might like to know something about him. But perhaps we'd better leave Ibsen open, then. Now, what shall we have next?

MISS SKIPWORTH. I tell you what would fetch them—a skirt-dance. I'll dance for you—like a shot. It would be no end of fun doin' it on a regular platform,



"To-night is ours!"

and I've been studyin' Flossie Frillington, at the Inanity, till I've caught her style exactly.

MR. KEMPTON. Oh, I say, you can give her a stone and a beatin' any day, give you my word you can. She doesn't put anythin' like the go into it you do.

[MISS S. *accepts this tribute with complacency.*

MRS. FLITT. A skirt-dance will be the very thing. It's sure to please the people we shall bring over for it—and of course they'll be in the front rows. Yes, I must put *that* down. We ought to have a song next. Mrs. Tuberoose, you promised to come and sing for us—you will, won't you?

MRS. TUBEROSE. Delighted! I rather thought of doing a dear little song Stephan Otis has just brought out. It's called "*Forbidden Fruit*," and he wrote it expressly for me. It goes like this.

[*She sits down at the piano, and sings, with infinite expression and tenderness.*

" Only the moon espies our bliss,
Through the conscious clusters of clematis,
Shedding star-sweet showers.
To-morrow the world will have gone amiss—
Now I gaze in your eyes, love, I thrill to your kiss—
So let us remember naught but this :
That To-night is ours !
Yes, this passionate, perilous, exquisite night—
Is Ours ! "

SEVERAL VOICES. Charmin'. . . . Otis puts so much real feeling into all his songs . . . quite a little gem ! &c., &c.

LADY DAMP. I should have thought myself that it was rather advanced—for an East-End audience—

MRS. TUBEROSE (*nettled*). Really, dear Lady Dampier, if people see nothing to object in it *here*, I don't see why they should be more particular at the East-End !

MRS. FLITT. Oh, no,—and as if it matters what the *words* are in the song. I daresay if one heard *their* songs—— Now we want another song—something as different as possible.

MR. GARDINIER. Heard a capital song at the “Pav.” the other night—something about a Cock-eyed Kipper. Just suit my voice. I could easily get the words and music, and do that for you—if you like.

SEVERAL VOICES. A Cock-eyed Kipper ! It sounds too killing ! Oh, we *must* have that !

LADY DAMP. Might I ask what kind of creature a—a “Cock-eyed Kipper” may be ?

MR. GARD. Oh, well, I suppose it's a sort of a dried herring—with a squint, don't you know.

LADY DAMP. I see no humour in making light of a personal deformity, I must say.

MR. GARD. Oh, don't you? *They* will—it'll go with a scream there!

MISS DIOVA ROSE. Yes, poor dears—and we mustn't mind being just a little vulgar for once—to cheer them up.

LADY HONOR. I have been to the Pavilion and the Tivoli myself, and I heard nothing to object to. I know I was much more amused than I ever am at theatres—*they* bore me to death.

MR. BAGOTRIX. We might finish up with *Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks*, you know. Some of you can be the figures, and I'll come on in a bonnet and shawl as *Mrs. Jarley*, and wind you up and describe you. I've done it at lots of places in the country; brought in personal allusions and all that sort of thing, and made everybody roar.

LADY DAMP. But will the East-Enders understand your personal allusions?

MR. BAG. Well, you see, the people in the front rows will, which is all *I* want.

LADY HONOR (*suspiciously*). Isn't *Mrs. Jarley* out of *Pickwick*, though? That's Dickens, surely!

MR. BAG. (*reassuringly*). Nothing but the name, Lady Honor. I make up all the patter myself, so that 'll be all right—just good-natured chaff, you know; if anybody's offended—as I've known them to be—it's no fault of mine.

MRS. FLITT. Oh, I'm sure you will make it funny, —and about getting someone to preside—I suppose we ought to ask the Vicar of the nearest church?

LADY HONOR. Wouldn't it be better to get somebody—a—more in Society, don't you know?

MRS. FLITT. And he might offer to pay for hiring the Hall, and the other expenses. I never thought of that. I'll see whom I can get. Really I think it ought to be great fun, and we shall have the satisfaction of feeling we are doing real good, which is such a comfort!

BOOKMAKERS ON THE BEACH.



BOOKMAKERS ON THE BEACH.

A SKETCH AT A SEA-SIDE RACE MEETING.

The Sands at Baymouth, where some pony and horse races are being run. By the Grand Stand, and under the wall of the esplanade, about a dozen bookmakers, perched on old packing-cases, are clamouring with their customary energy. The public, however, for some reason seems unusually deaf to their blandishments and disinclined for speculation, and the bookmakers, after shouting themselves hoarse with little or no result, are beginning to feel discouraged.

BOOKMAKERS (*antiphonally*). Evens on the field! Three to one bar one! Five to one bar two! Six to one bar one! Even money *Beeswing*! Six to one *Popgun*! Come on 'ere. Two to one on the field! What do you want to do?

[*The public apparently want to look another way.*]

FIRST BOOKMAKER (*to* SECOND BOOKMAKER). Not much 'ere to-day! Shawn't get no roast baked and biled this journey, eh?

SECOND B. (*with deep disgust*). They ain't got no money! Baymouth's going down. Why, this might be a bloomin' Sunday-school treat! Blest if I believe they know what we're 'ere for!

THIRD B. (*after pausing to refresh himself, sardonically to FOURTH BOOKMAKER*). De-lightful weather, William!

WILLIAM (*in a similar tone of irony*). What a glorious day, Percy! Sech a treat to see all the people enjoyin' theirselves without any o' the silly speculation yer *do* find sometimes on occasions like this! (*He accepts the bottle his friend passes, and drinks.*) 'Ere's better luck to all!

FIFTH B. (*pathetically*). Don't leave your little Freddy out! (*They don't leave their little FREDDY out.*) Cheer up, William, there's 'appier days in store; there'll be Jersey comin' soon. We'll be orf to the sunny south! (*To a stranger who comes up to him.*) Why, Uncle, you don't say it's you! How *well* you're looking! Shake 'ands and 'ave a bit on, jest for ole sake's sake! (*The stranger proceeds to introduce himself as the Secretary, and to demand a fee.*) What! pay you five shillins for standin' 'ere wastin' my time and voice like this? Not me! Why, I ain't took two blessed sorcepans since I bin 'ere! (*The Secretary remains firm.*) I won't do it, my boy.

Not on *prinserple*, I won't. I wouldn't give you five shillins not if your tongue was 'anging down on to your boots—so there! (*The Secretary does not attempt so violent an appeal to his better nature, but calls a police-inspector.*) 'Ere, I'd sooner git down and chuck the show altogether; jest to mark my contempt for such goings on! (*He descends from his box; takes down his sign, unscrews his pole, folds up his professional triptych, and departs in a state of virtuous indignation only to be expressed by extreme profanity, while the Secretary proceeds unmoved to collect payments from the others; who eventually compromise the claims for half-a-crown.*)

MR. SAM SATCHELL ("from Southampton"). Now then, you gentlemen and aristocratic tradesmen, where *are* you all? Don't any o' you know *anything*? Come on 'ere. (*He stops an elderly rustic.*) You've got a fancy, I can see! (*The rustic denies the impeachment, grinning.*) Git along with yer, yer artful ole puss, then, and don't keep gentlemen away as wants to bet! (*To a Yeomanry trooper.*) Come along, my ole soldier-boy, give it a name! (*His old soldier-boy declines to give it any name, and passes on.*) Call yerself a warrior bold, and afraid o' riskin' 'alf-a-crown! Why, yer Queen and country orter be ashamed o' yer! (*As a young farmer in riding-gaiters comes up, with the evident*

intention of business.) Ah, you don't forget the old firm, I see. . . . What, four to one not good enough for you? You won't get no better odds, go where you *like*! I suppose you expect me to make you a present o' the money? (*The farmer moves on.*) I dunno what's *come* to 'em all. I never see nothing like it in all *my* life!

In the Grand Stand.

A GLIB PERSON, *in a tall hat (as he picks his way up and down the benches, the occupants of which treat him with intolerant indifference).* I'm not a book-maker, ladies and gentlemen; don't have that impression of me for a moment! I'm simply an amateur, and an independent gentleman o' means, like any of yourselves. You all know more than I do. I don't come 'ere with any intention o' winning your money—far from it. I'm wishful to settle and live among you. I may eventually put up as your member; and, if so, when I take my place in Parliament I shall be in a position to testify that the Baymouth people are extremely cautious as to the manner in which they invest their money on 'orse-racing'! Yes, I'm 'ere on beyarf of the Sporting League, just to prove how free a meeting like this is from the evils o' gambling. I don't come 'ere to

rob yer. I want yer all to win. I like to see yer bright and shining faces around me; I like the friverolity and reckereation and the conviverality of the thing, that's all. I'll tell yer how it is. I've a rich ole aunt, and she puts fifty pound into my 'ands, and sez, "Jacky," she sez, "I love those dear Baymouth people, and I want you to take this 'ere money and lay it out among 'em in moieties, and make 'em rich and 'appy." You can see for yourselves. I've no tickets and no parryfernalialia, excep' this little pocket-book, where I enter any bets you honour me with. Come, Miss win a pair o' those three-and-sixpenny gloves at Chickerell's, the ex-Mayor's, to oblige *me*! Did I tread on your corn, Sir? I assure you it was the last thing I intended. . . . "You knew I'd do it afore I'd done?" . . . Well, Sir, if you've sech a gift o' seeeing into futoority as that, why not make something out of it now? Three to one bar one. *Kitty* I'm barring. Thank *you*, Sir; 'alf-a-crown to seven and six on *Sportsman*. I tell you candidly—you've got the winner. The favourite won't win. Now, then, all you others, where's your Baymouth pluck? I offered you thirty to one *Beeswing* last race; and you wouldn't take it. And *Beeswing* won, and you lost the chance o' making yer fortunes.

Don't blame *me* if the same thing 'appens again. I'm on'y bettin', as I told you, for my own amusement, and to get rid o' the money ! (*&c., &c.*)

MR. SAM SATCHELL (*whom the apathy of the public has apparently reduced to a state of defiant buffoonery*). Even money *Daredevil*, you rascals ! And why the blazes don't ye take it ? Come on. I'll take two little bits o' twos that *Kitty* don't win ! Four to one against ole bread-and-butter *Tommy*, over there in the corner ! Eleven and a 'alf to three quarters to two against *Kitty*. "What har the Wild Waves say-hay-ing ?" Two *Kitties* to three *Daredevils* against a bloomin' goat-chaise ? On the Baymouth Durby I'm bettin' !

At the Close of the Last Race — Three horses have started ; the favourite has led to the turn and then bolted up the shingle, but, as the tide has come in and almost covered the course, and the other two horses by declining to face the water have let him in again, he wins after an exciting finish, up to the girths in seawater ; and such bookmakers as have succeeded in obtaining patronage are paying up with as much cheerfulness as they can command.

FIRST BOOKMAKER (*to eager backer*). Wait a bit, my boy, wait *a bit*, the number hasn't gone up yet, my son. Where's your ticket—forty-two ? (*His Clerk refers to book.*) That's *Squibbs*. I pay over winners—not losers. (*To the public.*) Come along



“Why the blazes don't ye take it?”

and fetch your money, the bullion's 'ere! (*To another backer.*) What was yours—threes? (“Fours I’ve got,” *from his Clerk.*) Why don’t yer arst for what you’re entitled to, instead o’ makin’ me arst my clurk what your bet was? There’s your money—take it and go.”

[The backer departs wealthier but abashed.]

SECOND B. I’m payin’ over that ‘ard-run race, gentlemen, men and ‘orses exhorted! I’m payin’ over *Susan*—dear ole Susey-hanner! who wants their money? The Bank o’ England’s ‘ere, gentlemen, Mr. Frankie Fairprice and his ole friend, who’s always by his side and never looses ‘im!

THIRD B. (*who has had to borrow largely from his brethren to meet his engagements.*) Are you all done now? (*To the crowd.*) Then I’ll wish yer good afternoon, thank ye all for yer comp’ny, but you’ve bin bloomin’ bad fun to-day, and you don’t ketch me playin’ Patience on a monument at any more o’ yer blanky sand ‘oppin’ ‘andicaps, that’s all!

[However, the local newspapers report next day that “A number of the sporting fraternity were in attendance to do business and apparently carried on a brisk and profitable trade”—which only shows how difficult it is for the casual observer to form an accurate opinion.]

'IGHER UP!



'IGHER UP!

(A SKETCH OUTSIDE AN OMNIBUS.)

The Omnibus is on its progress from Piccadilly to the Bank; the weather is raw and unpleasant, and the occupants of the garden-seats on the roof of the vehicle are—for once in a way—mostly men.

FIRST PASSENGER (*to SECOND, an acquaintance*). I see young Bashaway the other day.
(*Significantly.*) Jest been to see his father, so he told me.

SECOND PASSENGER (*with interest*). 'Ad he though? And 'ow did he *find* him?

FIRST P. Frustrate, young Jim said; didn't know when he'd seen him lookin' better—(*with sentiment*)—quite like his old self!

SECOND P. (*heartily*). That *is* good 'earin', that is!
(*Reflectively.*) Seems *rum*, though, come to think of it.

FIRST P. 'Ow d'yer *mean*—rum? It's no more than what yer'd expect, bein' where he is. Look at the *air* o' the place—there ain't a 'elthier situation all round London, to my mind!

SECOND P. No, that's right enough; and, from all I 'ear, the food's well cooked and served reg'lar, if it is plain.

FIRST P. Ah, and Bill *enjoys* his meals now, he does—the work gives him a appetite, and it's years, to my certain knowledge, since he done a stroke, and o' course he ain't allowed no drink——

SECOND P. And *that's* enough, of itself, to be the savin' of 'im, the way he was!

FIRST P. Then, yer see, there's the reg'lar hours, and the freedom from worry, and the like, and nothink on his mind, and the place with every sanitary improvement and that—why, he owns his own self it's bin the makin' of 'im. And from what young Jim was a tellin' me, it appears that if Bill goes on gittin' good-conduck marks at the rate he's doin', there'll be a nice little sum doo to 'im when he's done his time at Wormwood Scrubs.

SECOND P. (*sympathetically*). Well, and that makes suthin' to look forward to, don't it, when he *does* git let out. Talkin' o' that, you've known 'im longer 'n

what I 'ave. Do you 'appen to know what it was as he got inter trouble *for* ?

FIRST P. (*with the consciousness of superior delicacy*). Lor' bless yer, I never thought o' arskin' 'im the question.

SECOND P. (*with feeble self-assertion under this implied rebuke*). Well, it all depends on 'ow yer *put* a question o' that sort.

[*He is silent for the remainder of the journey.*]

A CHATTY PASSENGER (*to a CONTRADICTION PASSENGER, as the 'bus passes Trafalgar Square*). Pretty these 'ere fountains look, with the water playin', don't they ?

THE CONTRADICTION PASSENGER. The fountings are well enough, if it wasn't fur the water—norsty messy stuff, I call it.

THE CHATTY P. (*abandoning the fountains*). It's wonderful what an amount o' traffic there is in the Strand, ain't it ?

CONTRAD. P. Nothink to what it was forty years ago !

[*His neighbour, not feeling in a position to deny it, subsides.*]

THE DRIVER (*to a PASSENGER WITH A BADGE, immediately behind him*). 'Ow is it you're orf yer keb to-day, Bob ? Taking a day orf, or what ?

THE PASSENGER WITH A BADGE. Not much. Goin' up to Bow Street to gimmy evidence in a collision case—that's all.

DRIVER (*dubiously*). Bow Street! Ain't that rorther shovin' yer 'ed in the lion's mouth, eh?

THE P. WITH A B. (*with virtuous serenity*). Not *it!* What ha' they got agen me all the time I bin licensed? Only three drunks and a loiter!

THE CHATTY P. (*returning to the charge*). Orful state the roads are in with all this mud! I s'pose that's the London County Council, eh?

THE CONTRAD. P. London Kayounty Kayouncil! No, it ain't—nothink o' the sort! I'll *tell* yer 'oo it is, if yer want to know; it's Gladstone!

THE CHATTY P. (*mildly surprised, but glad to have discovered common ground*). I see you're a Conservative—like myself.

THE CONTRAD. P. That's jest where you're *wrong!* I ain't no Conservative, nor yet I don't want none o' Gladstone neither. I'm a Radikil, *I* am. John Burns and Ben Tillett—that's *my* lot!

THE CHATTY P. (*reluctantly relinquishing politics*). Ah, well, every man's got a right to form his own opinions, ain't he?

THE CONTRAD. P. No, he *ain't*—not if he goes

and forms *wrong* 'uns! (*A pause.*) 'Ave yer got the time about yer?

The CHATTY P. (*accepting this as a sign of softening*). I'm sorry to say I come out without my watch this morning, or else—— But there's plenty o' clocks about as'll tell yer.

The CONTRAD. P. (*with intense disdain*). Clocks! You don't ketch *me* trusting no clocks—with no two of 'em alike!

The CHATTY P. (*as they pass a well-known watch-maker's*). Well, 'ow about that clock with the figgers? Won't *that* do yer? They set it to Grinnidge time every hour, so it's bound to be right!

The CONTRAD. P. (*as he descends*). There yer *are*! Think I'd put my faith in a clock as 'as to be set right every hour? 'Tain't *likely*! Good-day to yer!

The CHATTY P. So long! (*To himself.*) A pleasant feller enough, I dessay, if you leave the subjec' to 'im!

DRIVER (*to smart HANSOM CABMAN*). Now then, outer the way with that 'ere 'Ackney keb o' yours!

HANSOM CABMAN (*with hauteur*). As it 'appens, it *ain't* a 'Ackney cab—it's a private kerridge, this is!

DRIVER. Ah, I might ha' known *you* was a hammytoor by yer silly hasslike method o' conducting yer business! [*Drives on triumphant.*]

A POLITICAL PASSENGER (*with a panacea—to a "KNOWLEDGABLE" PASSENGER*). No, I don't want no 'Ome Rule, nor yet no Parish Counsels, nor nothink o' *that*. What *I* want'er see interdooood 'ere is Tereenial Porliments.

The KNOWLEDGABLE PASSENGER (*with respect*). Tereenial Parliments? I don't know as I've 'eard o' *them*.

The POL. P. Ain't yer? Well, they're what we *want*. Why, they've 'ad 'em in America, they've 'ad 'em in Ostralia, they've 'ad 'em in Orstria; and everywhere, mind yer, *everywhere* they've been in operation they've turned out a success!

The KN. P. Then it's 'igh time *we* 'ad 'em. *What* is it they're called, again?

The POL. P. Tee-reen-ial Porliments. It stands to *reason* they work well. There they *are*, a settin' eight months in the year fur seven year on end—somethink's *bound* to come of it! I'd like to see any o' *our* lot settin' like that! It's a pity we don't take more pattern by America in our law-makin'.

The KN. P. Except in our criminal law. Why,



"Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!"

I've 'eard there's States out there where a man may go and commit a crime, d'ye see, and once he gits across the boundary from one State into another—like as it might be a line across this 'ere street like, d'ye see—once he's over that, they can't do nothink to 'im !

The POL. P. (*thoughtfully*). Ah, that wouldn't never do 'ere, that wouldn't !

[The CONDUCTOR comes up to collect fares.

CONDUCTOR (*to a SLEEPY PASSENGER in a corner*). Now then, fare, please ?

The SLEEPY PASSENGER (*with manly regret*). I ain't gorrit, ole pal. If yer'd asht me jes' two minutes afore I gorrup, I could ha' done it for yer, but I took jes' anorrer glash an' blued th' lot. No man can say I don' part s'long's I gorrer money ; no frechandeder man anywheres'n wharri am ; but yer come on me too late. (*Shaking his head reproachfully.*) Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late !

COND. 'Ere, I ain't goin' to stand no nonsense ! If yer 'aven't got the money, git down orf o' my bus, and quick, too !

The SL. P. Ged down ? An' quick ! You wouldn't tor' li' that if you'd sheen wharrer bloomin' 'ard job I 'ad to get up ! [He resumes his slumber.

COND. (*passing on, softened*). I can't go and break

the beggar's neck for tuppence, and he's got it somewhere about him, as likely as not. (*To a LITIGIOUS PASSENGER.*) Tuppence is the fare, Sir, if *you* please.

THE LITIGIOUS PASSENGER. One penny is the legal fare, and all I intend to pay. I know the law!

COND. And so do I. It's wrote up tuppence inside the bus. If yer ain't going to pay more, yer'd better git down; ye've 'ad over your penn'orth a'ready!

THE LITIG. P. (*with spirit*). I decline to get down. I insist on being taken to the Bank for my penny.

COND. Oh, do yer? We'll see about that.

[*He stops the 'bus and calls a CONSTABLE, to whom he briefly explains the situation.*]

CONSTABLE (*pacifically, from below, to the LITIG. P.*). Come, Sir, don't block the traffic, like this 'ere! Either pay the man his fare or get down—one of the two.

THE LITIG. P. (*from the roof*). I have a legal right to remain here if I like!

CONST. That may be, Sir; but if you do, this man can summons you that's all.

THE LITIG. P. (*warming with the joy of battle*). That's just what I *want* him to do! Can't I *make* him summon me?

COND. (*disgusted*). 'Ere, 'ang it all ! *do* yer think I'm goin' to cart you 'arf over London fur a penny, and throw yer in the luxury of a lawsoot ? 'Ere's yer penny back, and I give yer the ride free, *there !*

The LITIG. P. (*accepting the penny, and descending with dignity*). Very well ; and let me tell you this, it was just as well you gave way when you did, for I was quite prepared to carry the case to the House of Lords !

COND. Ah ! and I s'pose yer think yer'd git *there* for a penny ?

[*The Omnibus goes on before the LITIGIOUS PERSON has time to think over such an obvious repartee as asking the CONSTABLE to take the man's number.*]

AT A HIGHLAND CATTLE AUCTION.



AT A HIGHLAND CATTLE AUCTION.

A Yard. In the open space between the rows of pens the AUCTIONEER is trying to dispose of some horses which are trotted out one by one in the usual fashion.

THE AUCTIONEER (*spectacled, red - bearded, canny, slightly Arcadian touch imparted by straw hat, and a sprig of heather in his button-hole.*)
What'll I say for this, noo? (*A horse of a meditative mien is just brought in.*) Here's a beast, and a very good beast, from Lochaber! (*The bystanders remain unmoved.*) He was bred by Meester MacFarlane, o' Drumtappit, and ye'll all ha' haird on him as the biggest breeder in these pairts. (*Heads are shaken, so much as to intimate that this particular animal does not do Mr. MacFarlane justice.*) Trot him up an' doon a bit, boy, and show his action—stan' away back there! (*With affected concern.*) Don't curb him so tight—be careful now, or ye'll do meeschief to yourself an' others! (*As the horse trots past them,*

several critics slap it disrespectfully on the hind-quarters—a liberty which it bears with meekness.) There's a pace for ye—he's a guid woorker, a gran' beast—hoo much shall we say for him? (*Nobody seems able to express his appreciation of the grand beast in figures.*) Just to stairt ye then—twenty poon! (*Even the animal himself appears slightly staggered by this sum; bystanders are quietly derisive; AUCTIONEER climbs rapidly down without interruption till he reaches six pounds, when he receives his first bid.*) Sex poon' is bed for 'm—is there ony advance on sex poon? (*Someone in the background:—“Fefteen shellin'!”*) Sex-fefteèn—noo, Meester McRobbie, wull ye no luik this way? (MR. MCR. *responds by a decided negative.*) Ye won't? Ah, I never got ony guid from ye—'cept when I didn't meet ye. (*This piece of Scotch “wut” raises a laugh at MR. MCR.'s expense, but does not affect the bidding, which still languishes.*) Then, he's going at sex-fefteen—for the last time. Whaur's my bedder at sex-fefteen? (*Repentance or modesty prevents the bidder from coming forward, and the AUCTIONEER continues, more in grief than anger.*) Eh, this is too bad noo—I'll thank no man for making me a bed, 'cept those that are meant in airnest. No one bed onything for a beast like this! Then I hae to tell ye ye've not bed near up to the resairve

price on it. (*Suddenly becomes weary of the animal.*) Tak' it awa'. (*The next horse is led in.*) Now, here's a beast that's well - known, I'm thenkin'. (*The general expression signifies that its reputation is not altogether to its credit.*) There's a well-bred mare—open up, and let her show hersel'. (*The mare is shown, but fails to excite competition.*) Ah, ye'll ony buy screws to-day, an' not the nice things at a—tak' her away. (*The mare is taken out ignominiously ; AUCTIONEER, followed by crowd, leads the way to where a pony and trap are standing harnessed.*) Noo, I'm gaun to pit up the pony an' van—just show them hoo she goes in hairness, boy. (*To intrusive collic.*) Out of the way, dug, in case ye get your feet smashed. (*Trap starts off, and is driven out of sight.*) Whaur's the laddie gaun ta? Thenks he'll show himsel' at Nairn, maybe! Ah, here she comes. (*Trap returns at a modest pace.*) Stan' back, noo, all of ye; give her room. I'll sell the mare first, and a beauty she is—what shell we say? Ten poons—and she's a nice one! Well, stairt her at five, she may get up. (*Bidding gets up to ten pounds, where it stops.*) Then she goes at ten, and I'm very glad she's gaun to a gude auld friend o' mine—Meester McKenzie, o' Glenbannock. Wull ye say five mair, and take the hairness, Meester McKenzie? It's *richt* hairness!

(MR. MCK. *declines to be tempted.*) Well, I'm sorry ye wull na, I'd ha liked (*sentimentally, as if it had been the dream of his life*) for the mare an' the hairness to go togither and no to pairt them—but as 'tis, it canna be helped. We'll pass on to the pegs, if you please. (*Passes to a row of pens containing pigs, and mounts some planks placed along the top.*) Now, these are some proper pegs. (*A rush is made for the rails enclosing the pigs, which instantly become self-conscious and redouble their grunts.*) Noo, laddies, laddies, it's no fair o' ye taking up a' the room i' that way. I'm quite sure there's a lot o' ye in front that's no buying pegs—ye hanna the luik o' pairsons that buy pegs. Stan' by for shame, and don't keep them that comes to buy, where they canna see sae much as a tail. Hoo much apiece for these palefaced pegs? Ye've an awfu' guid view o' them there, Mr. Ferguson, —luik this way once again for forrtty and threepence. (*Persuasively.*) It'll soun' better wi' the threepence. Gaun' for forty an' three. (*The owner of the pigs calls out "No!"*) I thocht I made a law here that people having pegs should gie me the resairve at the time—see what ye do now, Peter MacPhairson, make a fule of the buyers and a fule o' mysel'!—but (*with tolerant contempt*) Peter is not a strong man, we must no be haird on Peter. (*Roar from crowd;*

disappearance of MR. MACPH.) I'll cancel no more sales that way, however, as I eentimate to ye once for a'.

'ARRY (*on tour from Town—to his admiring friend*). I say, Charley, what d'yer bet I don't talk to some of these chaps in their own lingo?

CHARLEY. What a fellow you are! Mind what you are about, that's all.

'ARRY (*going up to an elderly person in the only Scotch cap visible*). Hech, Sair, but yon's a braw bonnie wee bit piggie fur a body to tak' a richt gude wullie waucht wi' gin ye meet him comin' thro' the rye!

THE PERSON IN THE SCOTCH CAP (*who happens to be a retired Colonel in a Highland Regiment, who is somewhat careless in his attire*). I think you will find that sort of thing better appreciated after you've got home.

['ARRY *returns to CHARLEY, feeling much smaller than he allows his friend to perceive.*

THE COUNTRY OF COCKAIGNE.



THE COUNTRY OF COCKAIGNE.

A MONOLOGUE—WITH A MORAL.

An airless Court in a London back Street. TIME—August.

JIMMY (*aged eight, to Florrie, aged seven*). No, I ain't comin' to the Reckereation Groun', not jess yit, I carn't. . . . I'm goin' ter wyte about 'ere till the lidy comes. . . . Why, 'er as is comin' to see my Muvver 'bout sendin' me fur a fortnight in the kerntry. . . . Yus, where I was larst year. . . . It's settled as I'm ter go agine—leastways as *good* as settled. My Farver 'e 've sent in a happplication to the K'mitty, and Teacher 'e sez 'e kin reckermend me, an' Mr. and Mrs. Delves—they as 'ad the cottidge where I went afore—they've arst fur to 'ave me agin—so you see, Florrie, it's all *right*. On'y I carn't settle to nuffink afore I know when I'm goin', an' about the trine an' that. Yer 'ave to roide in a trine

to git to the kerntry, yer know. . . . Wot, ain't yer never bin there? . . . Yer'd wanter fawst enough if yer knoo what it was loike. . . . There's gorrss there, an' trees an' that. . . . Na-ow, a *lot* better 'n the Reckereation Groun'—that's all mide outer old grivestones as the deaders 'as done wiv. There's 'ills an' bushes an' 'edges where yer can pick flowers. . . . There ain't no perlice to *git* yer locked up. . . . An' everyfink smells so lovely, kinder 'elthy like—it mikes yer feel 'ungry. . . . Not like sassages an' inions azackly—'tain't that sorter smell. . . . On'y 'ere and there, an' yer'd 'ardly tell they *was* shops, they kerry 'em on that quoiety. . . . Yer wouldn' call it poky if yer was there. Mr. Delves 'e *was* a kind man, 'e was; mide me a whistle out a sickermore brornch, 'e did; and Mrs. Delves, she lemme help her feed the chickings. . . . They 'ad a garding beyind, an' there'd bin rasberries an' gooseberries a growin' on bushes—strite, there 'ad—I ain't tellin' yer no lies—on'y they was all gone by then. An' they 'ad a dog—Rover 'is nime was—'e was a koind dog, lemme lay insoide of 'is kennel orfen, 'e would. . . . I'd like ter 'ave a run over thet Common agen, too. I dessay as I shell—p'reps the d'y arter to-morrer. . . . There's a pond on it, an' geese, an' they comes at yer a stritching out their necks an' a-'issin' thet

sevidge. . . . Na-ow, yer've on'y got ter walk up to 'em, an' they goes orf, purtendin' they took yer fur somebody else, an' wasn't meanin' no offence. I ain't afride o' no geese, I ain't—nor yet Lily wasn't neither. We sor a pig 'aving a ring put froo 'is nose one day. 'E 'ollered out like 'e was bein' killed—but 'e wasn't. An' there was a blecksmiff's, where they put the 'orse's shoes on red 'ot, 'an the 'orse 'e never took no notice. Me and Lily used ter go fur long walks, all under trees. Once she showed me a squill—"squerl" *she* kep' a-calling of it, till I tole 'er 'ow—an' it run up a tree zigzag, and jumped on to another ever so fur. That was when we was pickin' nuts. We went a blackberryin', too, one day. . . . Na-ow, there warn't nobody dead. An' Lily . . . Lily Delves 'er nime was, b'longed to them I was stoppin' wiv. . . . I didn't notice partickler. . . . Older nor you, an' bigger, and lots redder 'bout the cheeks. . . . She wasn't a bad sort—fur a gal. . . . I dunno; I liked *all* on 'em. . . . Well, there was Farmer Furrows, 'e was very familiar, said as 'ow I might go inter 'is horchard and pick the happles up as was layin' there jest fur the askin'. An' Bob Rumble, 'im as druv Mr. Kennister the grocer's cart, 'e used ter gimme a roide along of 'im when 'e was tikin' round porcels

an' that. We'd go along lanes that 'igh yer couldn't see nuffink fur leaves; and once 'e druv along a Pork with tremenjus big trees in it, an' stages walkin' about underneath with grite big 'orns. . . . Suthink like 'im as is drawed outside the public round the corner—on'y they warn't none o' them gold. I 'speck them gold ones is furrin' . . . An' the grub—we 'ad beekstike pudd'n o' Sundays, an' as much bread an' treacle every day as ever I could eat, and I *was* 'ungry when I was in the kerntry . . . An' when I come away Mrs. Delves, she gathered me a big noseguy fur to tike 'ome to Muvver—kissantimums, merrigoles, an' dyliers, all sorts there was—an' Murver she put 'em in a jug, and soon as ever I shet my eyes an' sniffed, I could see that garding and Rover and Lily as *pline*—but they went bad, an' 'ad to be froed aw'y at larst. I shall see 'em all agine very soon now, though, won't thet be proime, eh? . . . Whatsy? 'Ere, Florrie, you ain't *croying*, are yer? . . . Why don't yer arsk yer Farver if 'e won't let *you* go. . . . Oh, I thought as yer *wanted* to go. Then what *are* yer——? . . . No, I ain't gled to git aw'y from you. . . . A-course I shall be gled to see 'er; but that ain't why, it's jest—You ain't never bin in the kerntry, or you'd know 'ow I'm feelin'. . . . There's the lidy comin' now.



“Ere, Florrie, you ain't *croying*, are yer?”

I must cut across an' 'ear what she sez to Muvver. Don' tike on—'tain't o'ny fur a fortnight, anyway. . . . Look 'ere, I got suthink' for yer, Florrie, bought it orf a man what 'ad a tray on 'em—it's a wornut, d'ye see? Now open it—ain't them two little choiner dolls noice, eh? . . . I'd rorther you 'ad it nor 'er, strite, I would! . . . I'll be back in a minnit.

After an Interval of Twenty-four Hours.

No, I ain't bin nowhere particular. . . . Settled? yus, it's all settled 'bout me goin' ter the kerntry. . . . To-morrer? no, I ain't goin' *to-morrer*. . . . Nex' week? not as I *knows* on. . . . You want'er know sech a *lot*, you do! . . . If I *do* tell yer, you'll on'y go an' larf. . . . Well, I ain't goin' at all—*now* I 'ope you're pleased . . . What's the good o' bein' *sorry*? . . . Oh, I don't keer much, I don't. . . . Set down on this step alonger me, then, and don't you go saying nuffink, or I'll stop tellin' of yer . . . You remember me goin' in yes'day arternoon to 'ear what the lidy said? Well, when I got in, I 'eard 'er s'y, "Yus, it'll be a great disappointment for 'im, pore boy," she sez, "arter lookin' forward to it an' all; but it can't be 'elped." And Muvver, she sez. "'Is Farver 'll be sorry, too; it done Jimmy ser much good larst time. 'E can't pay not more nor

'arf-a-crownd a week towards it, but he can manage that, bein' in work jess now." But the lidy sez, "It's this w'y," she sez, "it costis us neelly arf a suffering over what the parint pays fur each child, and we ain't got the fun's fur to send more 'n a few, cos the Public don' suscroibe ser much as they might," she sez. "An' so this year we're on'y sending children as is delikit, an' reelly *wants* a chinge." So yer see, I ain't a goin'. I dunno as I'm delikit; but I *do* want the kerntry *orful* bad, I do. I wish I never 'adn't bin there at all 'cos then preps I shouldn' mind. An' yit I'm gled I bin, too. I dreamt about it larst night, Florrie, I did. I was a-settin' on this 'ere step, sime as I am now, an' it was 'ot an' stoiflin', like it is; an' all of a suddink I see Mr. Kennister's cart wiv the grey 'orse turn into our court an' pull up hoppersite, an' Bob Rumble 'e was a-driving on it. An' 'e sez, "Jump up!" 'e sez, "an' I'll tike yer back to Mr. Delves's cottidge." And I sez, "May Florrie come too?" An' 'e sez, "Yus, both on yer." So up we gits, and we was droivin' along the lanes, and I was showin' yer the squills an' the stagses, an' jes as we come to the turn where yer kin see the cottidge—— Well, I don' remember no more on it. But it was a noice dream so far as I got wiv it, an' if I 'adn't never bin there, I couldn'

ha' dreamt it, *could* I, eh? An', like as not, I'll dream the rest on it anuvver night. . . . An' you must try an' dream your share, too, Florrie. It'll be a'most like bein' in the kerntry in a sort o' w'y fur both on us, won't it?

THE MORAL.

(The Offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer.)

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